

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

NO. 11.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM AT THE SMITHSONIAN.

INTRODUCTION BY S. P. LANGLEY, SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
AND DESIGNER OF THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

THE Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution has been pleased to confer upon me the honorable but arduous duties of the care of the Children's Room. He has at his service so many men learned in natural history that I do not know why he has chosen me, who know so little about it, unless perhaps it is because these gentlemen may possibly not be also learned in the ways of children, for whom this little room is meant.

It has been my purpose to deserve his confidence, and to carry out what I believe to be his intention, by identifying myself with the interests of my young clients. Speaking, therefore, in their behalf, and as one of them, I should say that we never have a fair chance in museums. We cannot see the things on the top shelves which only grown-up people are tall enough to look into, and most of the things we can see and would like to know about have Latin words on them which we cannot understand; some things we do not care for at all, and other things which look entertaining have nothing on them to tell us what they are about.

In that great work, our very highest authority on the subject (need we say that "The Swiss Family Robinson" is meant?), we have always

taken unmixed delight, although some people say that so many kinds of interesting beasts could never really have been in one island. If there are any errors there, though, we do not love it for them, but for its good qualities, and the first of these is that it *interests* us all through. We think that there is nothing in the world more entertaining than birds, animals, and live things; and next to these is our interest in the same things, even though they are not alive; and next to this is to read about them. All of us care about them, and some of us hope to care about them all our lives long. We are not very much interested in the Latin names, and however much they may mean to grown-up people, we do not want to have our entertainment spoiled by its being made a lesson.

Now, I entirely agree with my small friends so far, but I will add something that they only dimly understand and that some of their instructors do not understand at all. It is that to *interest* the young minds in such things is to lay the foundation for more serious study in after life. There are spots on the sun, and even the "Swiss Family Robinson" is not quite perfect as an authority in natural history; but the "child is father to the man," and many a young

Copyright, 1901, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

naturalist would never have been a student of nature at all if he had not owed his first impulse to some such work as that, or to the sight of things, like those in the Children's Room, arranged for the same minds that delight in the book.

Some great philosopher has said that "knowledge begins in wonder"; and there is a great deal in the saying. If I may speak of myself, I am sure I remember how the whole studies of my life have been colored by one or two strong impressions received in childhood. The lying down, as a child, in a New England pasture and looking at the mysterious soaring of a hen-hawk far above in the sky, has led me to

give many years of mature life to the study of the subject of traveling in air; and puzzling about the way the hotbed, I used to see on the farm, kept the early vegetables warm under its glass roof, has led to many years of study in after life on the way that that great hotbed, the earth, is kept warm by its atmosphere; and so on with other things.

I wish that all children might, as they grow older, learn the sense of the poet who has said:

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM AT THE SMITHSONIAN.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.



"ADAM," said a great scientist, whose busy lifetime had been given to the profound researches of astronomy, biology, and aërodromics, who had wandered farther into the Dim Region of Subtle Things, and found more there, than any other living physicist—"madam, I am chiefly interested in Children and Fairy Stories."

It was Dr. S. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who made this remark to a lady who hoped to please him with her interest in the more exact sciences. It was the same Dr. Langley who had ordered that a case of specimens should be arranged in the Institution for the benefit of Children—Little Children, who did not care for long, hard names, and who could not see objects on high shelves.

He had ordered this case, but being very busy

at the time (perhaps discovering the new Solar Spectrum), he could not personally oversee the work of preparation. When he did look into it, he was not pleased. There were a good many things in the case that, as one of the Children, he did not care for, and there were still more things that he had expected would be there, but which had been overlooked, or not considered worth while.

Then, too, each thing had on it one of the old labels, with a long Latin name in small type; and this Dr. Langley, who, for the time being, was the Disappointed Child, could not or would not read.

Clearly something must be done. Solar spectrums must wait; the perfection of the flying-machine must linger. Dr. S. P. Langley, the great Secretary, wrote and transmitted through the proper channels a letter appointing plain S. P. Langley, the Lover of Children and Fairy Stories, as Honorary Curator of the Children's Exhibit, with instructions that, as one of the Children himself, he was to see that a room was reserved and properly prepared for Chil-

dren—Little Children, who wished only to look and wonder, and to find out only such things as Children, would like. It is this bit of make-believe play, so characteristic of the child heart,



A CORNER OF THE CHILDREN'S ROOM IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

little folks most want to know. And, in return, S. P. Langley acknowledged and accepted his arduous and portionless task, and promised that he would do his best to have such a place and only such things as his friends, the Other

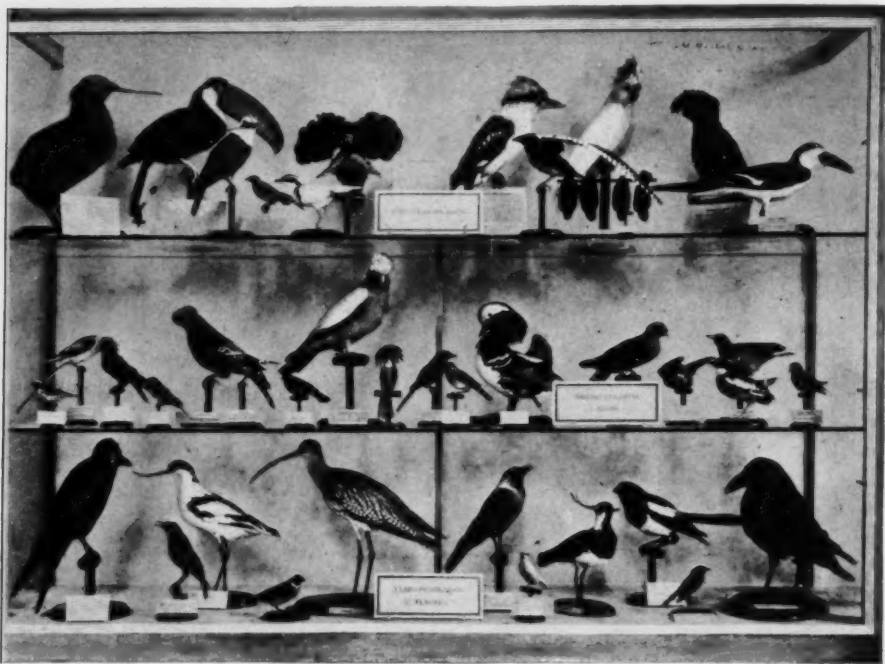
that will never grow old, that is referred to in the introduction to this article, prepared by Dr. Langley himself.

But a good deal of the play may be said to have stopped with his appointment. The

preparation of the room itself meant work—patient, thoughtful work in every department and detail, with the interest and entertainment of the Child—the Little Child—always in view.

Smithsonian have been, and still are being, carried to successful realization.

Located just across from the main entrance, it is a sunny little spot, with doors and windows



A CASE OF SELECTED BIRDS.

(Top shelf, Curious Birds; middle shelf, Bright-colored Birds; lowest shelf, Common Birds of Europe.)

For one thing, it must be a small room. A large room would mean a large collection, and this, in turn, confused and hasty examination and discouragement to the Child. It must be a cozy, pleasant room, with plenty of light and pretty things, as well as a collection of specimens not many in number, but each object chosen just to give the Child Pleasure. If the Child received instruction too, well and good; but first of all he must be attracted and pleased and made to wonder, for in wonder lie the beginnings of knowledge.

This was the Secretary and Honorary Curator's idea; and with the gladly and heartily given help of ornithologist, zoölogist, mineralogist, of the whole staff of the Institution, in fact, his plans for a Children's Room in the

opening to clambering vines, grass-plots, and happy trees, where in summer are birds that build and sing. It was June when I saw it, and perhaps this is the choicest time to go; but even dark days and cold will not keep us from feeling the cheer of riotous vines and singing birds.

For they are within as well as out. The ceiling is painted to represent a vine-clad arbor, with sky-spaces through which birds of gayest plumage seem to look down on friends and relatives below.

Indeed, a number of living relatives are *just* below, where four gilt cages of song supply a never-ending chorus of nations, the little singers having been chosen from the many far and near corners of the whole earth.

Our own Redbird, or Cardinal Grosbeak, is there, as well as the South American Cardinal of Brazil; Bullfinches and Goldfinches from Europe; the Japanese Robin, who is really not Japanese and not a Robin, but a very nice bird from India; some Weaver-birds from Africa; some Javan Sparrows from the East Indies; and some Australian Grass-parakeets, such as are trained and used by street seers for telling fortunes. They are a happy congress, and it grieves me to relate how two little cages contain but one bird each, a certain Canary and a hybrid Goldfinch, whose names, for their parents' sake, I will not give, but who proved to be so wicked and quarrelsome, and made the others all so very unhappy, that they must now live each to himself, alone, and yet near enough to see the happiness of the others, who all day long play, and visit, and sing in undisturbed harmony.

Below the Singing Birds are the Aquariums: a salt-water glass tank, and a most perfect fresh-water aquarium, so simply and carefully arranged that even the Very Little Child may look and love and wonder from every side, where pretty bright fishes and baby turtles wave and dart and paddle amid feathery green and over the pebbly beds.

The aquariums and the gilt cages are the center of the room, and, because of the happy, varicolored life they contain, must always remain the true center of attraction to Little Folks—the point to which they will turn and return, again and yet again, from the fascinat-



THE CARDINAL.

ing and even more marvelous, but silent, wonders in the cases along the walls.

The cases themselves are quite low, even the top shelves being within reach of younger eyes. Arranged above them are a number of prints and water-color paintings, in which some of the furred and fea-

thered creatures below are shown in action; and this idea is to be carried still further in the panels of the wall, for these, in course of time, are to be filled with interesting and life-like pictures by artists who paint lovingly their friends of the wood and field.



THE BELL-BIRD.

But it is *within* the cases that the Child will find the true soul and purpose of the Children's Room. Often he may turn to the singing birds and the darting fish for refreshment, but with the wonders along the wall he will linger, and the memory of them will cling and blend, and so become a part in his life that shall not perish or grow dim.

In speaking of the young observer, in this article, as "he," I do not wish it to be understood that the room is not fully as interesting and valuable to Little Girls. I am only, for the most part, picturing a boy, such as "the one I knew best," who, a good many years ago, was obliged to learn a good many things vaguely and at long range. I find that he is still hungry to know some of the things he never could find out then, and I am fancying what he might have felt and done if in that far-away time he had found himself, all at once, among these precious cases.

They are arranged as a Child would wish them, and he will begin, perhaps, with those on the left as he enters—the cases of the birds. At the first of these he will linger. Within are the "Largest and Smallest Birds of Prey." He will look at the great Condor of the Andes, and the Bald Eagle, and then at the tiny Sparrow Hawk; and he will wonder why these are so big and that so little, and if the Bald Eagle could whip the Condor in a fair fight. He thinks it likely, because the Condor has blunt claws—so blunt, the card says, that he cannot carry off the big animals he sometimes kills. The Condor is bigger than the Bald Eagle, but he is not so good-looking, and the Child does not like him. He likes much better the largest owl, the Great Eagle Owl, who lives in the vast,



THE LARGEST OWL AND THE SMALLEST OWL.

trackless woods of northern Europe and Asia—a monarch of the far, dim stillness; and if the Child is a little girl, she adores the smallest of his race, the tiny Elf Owl, who might well be a real sprite to dart from the leafy, dewy tangle of evening.

The small observer passes on. "Some Curious Birds" come next, and he must see them, even if he has to come back to the Bald Eagle and the Condor, and the different-sized owls, by and by. He wonders and laughs, too, at the curious birds. Truly they are a funny lot. Some of them have fans that fold. Others have veils, aprons, crowns, lappets, armor, and what not. The Toucan has such an absurd big



THE TOUCAN.

bill. The Black Skimmer's flat bill is set the wrong way. A queer Paradise-bird has one tail where it should be, besides two very long tails that are half saw and half feather, and that start from behind his ears. Then there is a row of little

Bat-parrakeets, that sleep with their heads hanging down. The Child wonders why the blood does n't run to their heads, and how the Umbrella-bird can see through the thick tangle of his head-covering. Almost all the Curious Birds have funny attachments, something they don't seem to need—all except the poor Apteryx from Australia, who has much less than he should have, because he is left over from some undeveloped

age, with paltry, half-formed feathers, and no wings at all. The Child pities the Apteryx—he looks so timid and sorry; and the card tells us he is often killed by dogs, because he can not fly. He is so different from his fine neighbor, the Laughing Jackass, whose expression is always humorous, and who seems always about to make merry with the whole queer lot.



BAT-PARRAKEETS ASLEEP.



THE APTERYX—THE BIRD WITHOUT WINGS.

Just below these is a shelf of "Bright-colored Birds." If the Child is a little girl, here she will linger long. The vividly blue Cotinga of British Guiana, the Beautiful—the most beauti-

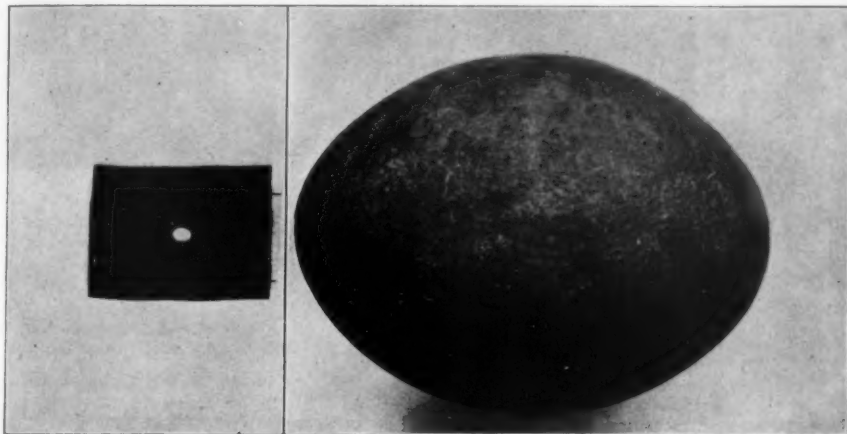
ful—Parrakeet, the Rose Cockatoo of Australia, the Elegant Minivet, and the Crimson-winged Lory—these she will love with all her inborn adoration of beautiful adornment, and yearn for them in her dreams. I hope she will not want their wings for her hat, but I should hardly blame her if she did, for their beauty is the splendid and lavish kind that Nature gives to flowers, and that Nature, and Nature only, has ever learned how to bestow. To me the Mandarin Duck seems the gem of this collection—a fowl whose dress is so Chinese in its cut and coloring that one wonders whether he has really imitated the mandarins or they him.

And now come the "Common Birds of Europe" and the "Familiar Birds of the United

States." haps he wishes they were more gaudily colored, and wonders why Parrakeets and Pink Cockatoos do not dwell in his own woods and fields. Still, there is the gay Cardinal, and the pretty Bluebird, whose color is like a bit of sky. The Child is glad to see that of the poetical quotations, and a number of these are in the various cases, there is a special one for the Bluebird—the pretty lines by Eben Rexford:

Hear it again above us,
And see what a flutter of wings;
The bluebird knows it is April,
And soars to the sun and sings.

In the case next to this are "Birds with Curious Nests and Eggs." The heart of the small



THE SMALLEST EGG AND THE BIGGEST.

States." The Child has yearned long to see the Raven, the Magpie, the Starling, and the Jackdaw of his story-books, and the English Lark and Robin from which, long ago, our meadow singer and redbreast were named by a people heartsick and homesick for their own far lands. The Curlew, the Rook, and the Lapwing, these, too, are among the European birds, while the Phoebe, the Bittern, the Kingfisher, the Bob White, and the Bobolink are among their American cousins, as well as our own Lark and Robin, not forgetting the beautiful but cruel Blue Jay, and the tiny Ruby-throated Humming-bird, so familiar to us all.

The Child is proud of his own birds. Per-

observer finds great joy in this case. The smallest and largest eggs in the world, those of the Humming-bird and of the Giant Ostrich, or *Aepyornis*, of Madagascar, who no longer lives, but whose eggs, that were more than a foot in length, are still to be discovered.

The Child ponders long over these eggs. The card tells him that the *Aepyornis* and the great Roc of his story-books are believed to be the same bird. He wonders how many times larger the big egg is than the little one. If he asks, as I did, he will be told that it is about thirty thousand times as big, and he will picture to himself the great bird, as tall as a tree, sweeping over the sands with furlong strides.



A HANGING NEST.

Within this case, too, are other curious eggs, large and small, including those of the Eagle, the Ostrich, and the great Moa of New Zealand, while among the curious nests the Child sees the homes of the Hangbird, the Weaver-bird, and the Tailor-bird. Much and long he wonders how these clever house-builders wound in and out the threads and fibers of their marvelously built homes. But just below

there is a nest with eggs. It is not a curious nest, but built in a curious place—in a skull, in fact, and it is the nest of the tiny House Wren.

And now, beyond these come the "Water Birds," the Great Albatross, which perhaps the Child remembers as having been shot by the Ancient Mariner; the King Penguin of the far white South; the White Egret, hunted for his rare plumage; and the Scarlet Ibis, whose flaming feathers make him a shining mark for death.

The Child is sorry that these rare birds are killed for their wings and plumes. If a Little Girl, perhaps she resolves never to wear them.

She remembers that birds have little folks, too, and she wonders what becomes of them when the parent bird is shot down and can never return to them with food.

But at the next case these things are forgotten. At the top, instead of a picture, there is a Lyre-bird, with his tall, magnificent tail, and



A NEST IN A SKULL.

a mounted Beaver. The Child remembers that Hiawatha was taught

How the beavers built their lodges.

He thinks this must be one of the same Beavers, and wonders if it is full grown, and how it is he can use his tail to build with.



THE BOWER-BIRD GROUP.

Above the Beaver is a fine spray of peacock plumes, and in the case beneath him a Kite carrying a snake, some Bower-birds with their play-house, and some Ptarmigans in both winter and summer dress. The Child rejoices in the Bower-birds. He has a little book with a picture of them, but here they are at home with their playthings. There are several of them, and he wonders if they have invited in friends to see and play with the pretty shells and colored glass they have found.

But the Ptarmigans he can hardly believe real, their winter dress is so snow-white, while in their summer plumage they are so brown and mottled, like a pheasant. Still, the cards tell him they are the same, and though he wonders much, yet he must believe.

Then he passes on to "How Creatures Hide," the Children's Room name—and a very happy one—for Protective Mimicry. Here are the Leaf Insects, that are so like the leaves about them as to make the observer

almost "give it up" before he discovers that some of the leaves open and form wings, while beneath others there lie curious creatures so near in shape and color to their hiding-place that only the sharpest eyes will find them. Nests there are, too, that might well be a part of the limb that holds them; and beneath, in a box of sand and pebbles, are some Terns' eggs and young. And the young Terns are so like

the eggs, and the eggs so like the pebbles, that even after he sees them he must take a second and a third look to make sure.

And now there is a case of "Pretty Shells"



CASE SHOWING LYRE-BIRD, BEAVER, KITE WITH A SNAKE, BOWER-BIRD AND BOWER, AND PTARMIGAN GROUPS.

and "Strange Insects." The wonderful coloring of the sea has found its way into the shells, while the hues of the air have tinted the wings of butterflies more rare than any the Child has ever chased or captured. The Child looks longingly at this collection. There are some things here he would like to have. But the Centipede, and the Tarantula with the poor little bird it has captured and poisoned to death,

make him shudder. He is close enough to these, and he is glad they are dead. He wonders why they must ever live at all.

Corals and sponges have their separate case,



NEPTUNE'S CUP.

and the specimens range from the great Brain Coral and Neptune's Cup to the delicate and beautiful Venus's Flower Basket, a superb white sponge from the Philippine Islands.

And now the Child has reached the last case in the room. It contains "Minerals and Fossils," and here are some things that make him wonder indeed. On a block lies a piece of Flexible Sandstone that bends by its own weight. Near by is a true model of the Largest Lump of Gold ever found in the world, and of the Largest Diamond ever cut. His eyes dwell long on these things. He wonders about their value, and if the people who found them were very poor, and how happy they must have been with that great lump of gold and with that splendid diamond. Some day he will go out into the wild mountains and find gold and diamonds too. He wonders just where he ought to look for them. Then, all at once, his eye catches some woven and spun Asbestos, that nobody can burn up, no matter how hot the fire is, and he thinks he would like a suit of this material, and so become a fireman, and live happy ever after.

And now the Child has finished the circuit

of the room. He turns once more to the Song Birds and Darting Fish, and before he goes he must have one more look at the cases. The Owls, the Swallows, the Night Hawk, and the Whip-poorwill—such things as these he has been glad to see at close range. Heretofore they have been to him but as darting shadows, or weird voices from the dusk of evening. He has seen Swallows circling about the chimney at nightfall, diving in one by one, and he has heard them cuddling cozily together at bedtime. Now for the first time he knows just how they look, just how they build their nests, and how they cling to the rough brick with feet that are set too far back on their bodies for them ever to perch on a limb without toppling over.

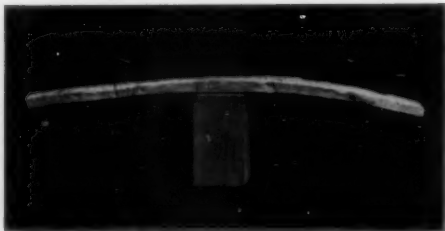
And the Child goes home at last, glad, and



BRAIN CORAL.

with knowledge, and the love of knowledge, in his heart. He is happy, and, because his wonder has been aroused, he has learned. Unless

he is a Very Small Child, he has been able to read the large, clear type of the simply worded labels, on which, with one exception, there are no more Latin names. The exception is made in favor of a very small Humming-bird, who



THE FLEXIBLE SANDSTONE.

bears bravely his technical title, *Rhamphomicon microrhynchum*, left by the Honorary Curator as the best explanation of why he has not re-



NEST OF CHIMNEY "SWALLOW."

tained the others. Of all the rest the common names only are given; and where no common name exists, a literal translation of the Latin name is made. All the labels the Child has been able to read, and he is not wearied, and he has not been puzzled or confused.

Perhaps the Child who has passed an hour or two in this room full of interest and pleasure does not know or care to whom his happiness and his thanks are due. It does not matter. If he only cares for the thing itself, cares enough to come again, and perhaps bring his parents, that they too may look and learn with young eyes (and if he is the Child most of us have known best, he will do this), the Secretary and Honorary Curator will be repaid. Dr. Langley the physicist has done much in the cause of science. He has invented and perfected an instrument which has carried the measurement and analysis of the solar spectrum beyond anything dreamed of hitherto, and has invented the only flying-machine that will really lift itself without the aid of gas. Thus has he added to the sum of human knowledge. But in this busy life, as plain S. P. Langley, he has found time for Children and Fairy Stories, and neither as Secretary nor as Honorary Curator has he ever thought this part of his time wasted.



RHAMPHOMICRON MICRO-RHYNCHUM.

COUNTER-THOUGHTS.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

"What is the baby thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt."

WHAT are the old folks thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
A thought like this filled the baby's head
(A wonderful baby, and very well read).

He gazed at grandpa, and grandma too;
And mirrored the pair in his eyes of blue,
As side by side they sat there, rocking—
He with his pipe, and she with her stocking.

And the baby wondered, as well he might,
Why old folks always were happy and bright;
And he said in his heart with a blithe little start
That showed how gladly he'd act his part:

"I'll find some baby, as soon as I can,
To stay with me till I'm grown an old man,
And, side by side, we'll sit there, rocking—
I with my pipe, and she with her stocking."



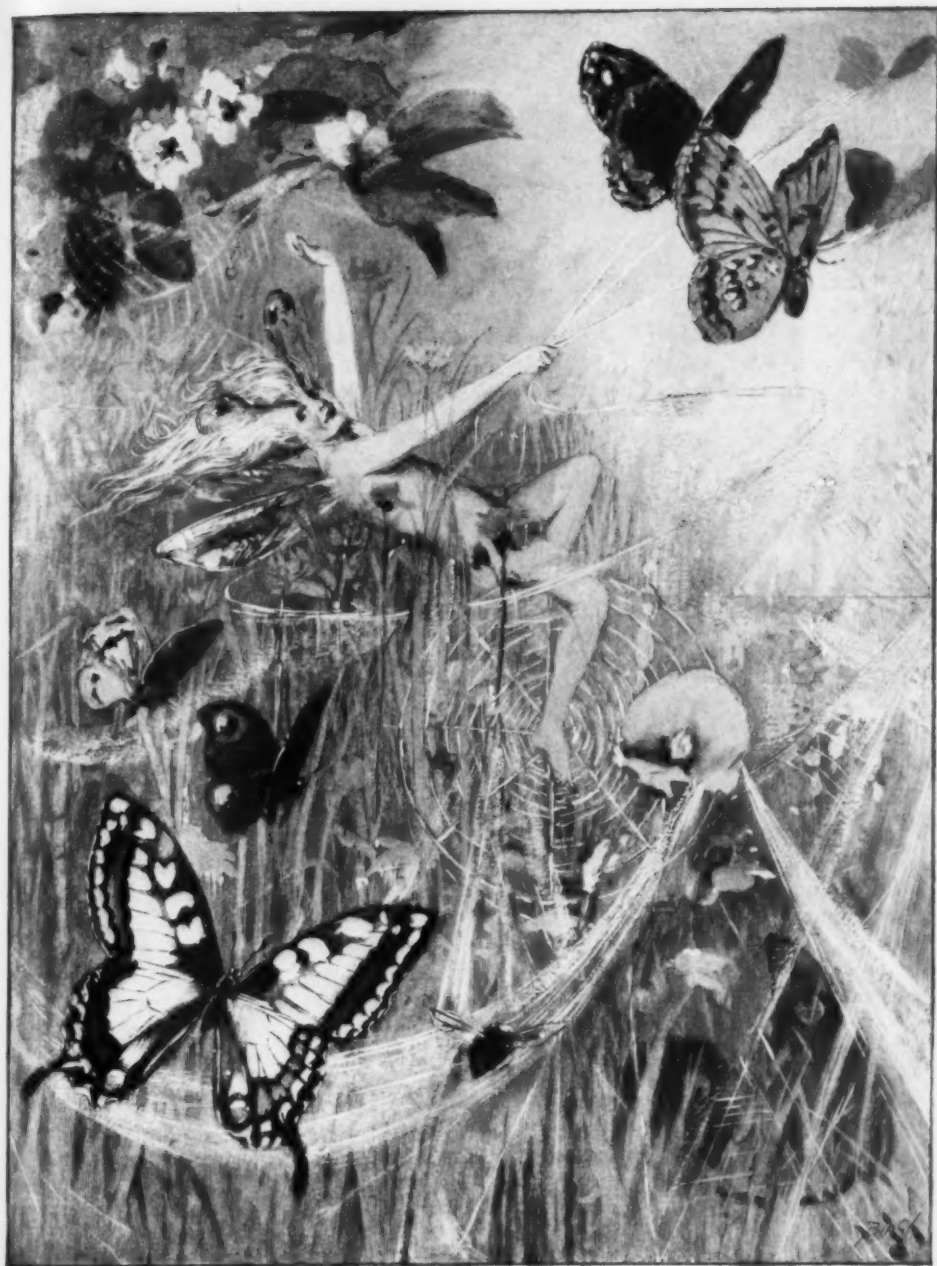
—
BY ALICE BROWN.
—

Who sits out in the orchard bowers,
Blowing bubbles of apple-bloom?
Who washed the cheeks of the baby flowers,
And swept the grass with a windy broom?

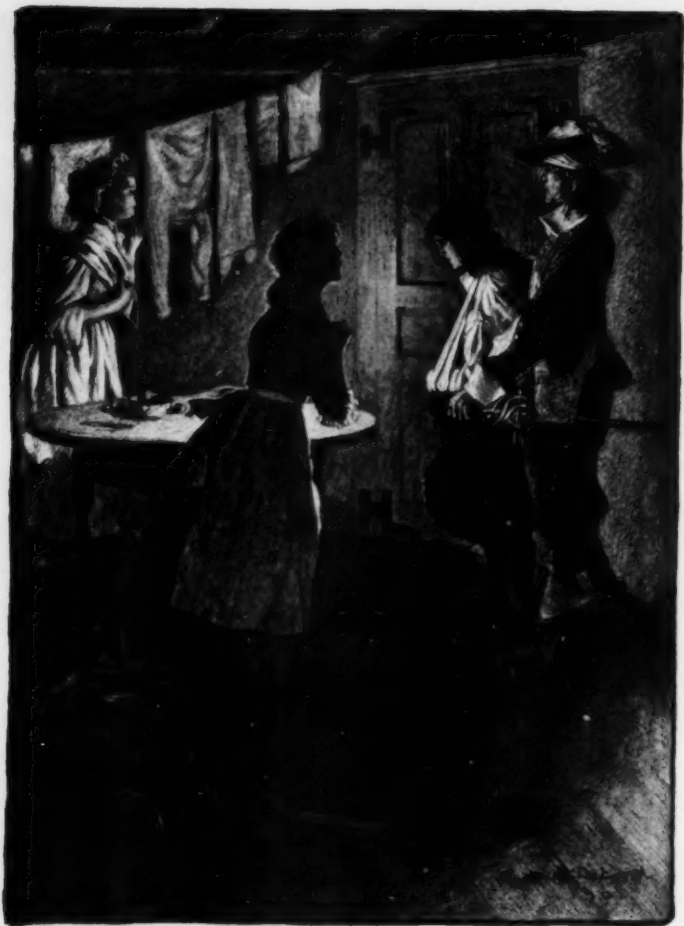
Jack-à-Dreams, John-à-Dreams, radiant fellow!
Busiest body from dawn till night;
Thrumming his tunes on rose and yellow,
And all the strings in the harp of light.

His are the boatlings low in the valleys,
Cobweb cordage and woven keel;
He lights them over with dew, his galleys,
And rides from the dock on Arachne's wheel.

Jack-à-Dreams, John-à-Dreams, day 's a-dying!
Take up your brush and dabble the west.
Leave us your pennon there a-flying,
Set with stars for a silver crest!



"JACK-À-DREAMS, JOHN-À-DREAMS, RADIANT FELLOW!"



"OH, THEN HE IS MY BROTHER!" DOROTHY CRIED." (SEE PAGE 980.)

THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By JOHN BENNETT.

(Author of "Master Skylark.")

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

AFTER THE FIGHT.

TIERCK VAN RUYN was silently rocking to and fro in the bow of the boat, his hands clasped to his side, and his face white with pain; Albert the Trumpeter lay in a swoon

propped up against the forward gunwale; Mynheer Van Sweringen was bathing his face in the water over the side of the yawl; and Barnaby Lee, with a sick heart, sat crouching in the stern. Kregier rowed as if he were mad; his eyes shone like pale sparks, and as he rowed he cried out, "Ach, the cowards, the treacherous cowards!" But Barnaby's left arm

hung limp and numb, and he felt queer and sick.

The wind had begun to blow and the fog to lift. Across the inlet he could see whitecaps under the fog. By times the boat ran through a clear space, then into the mist again. As they were running through the fog, aimless and bewildered, with the water washing up and down among the stretchers, rolling the empty pistols about, and breaking over the trumpeter's legs, a whistle sounded overhead, as of a reeved rope in a block, and down from the fog, as if out of the clouds, dropped the long sound of a weary yawn.

As if bewitched by that long-drawn yawn, the wind caught up the fog, tore it, gathered it into wreaths of unsubstantial vapor, half condensed and half dispersed, drove it shoreward, lifted it up, parted it into ragged dimness, and, obscurely glimmering over their heads, a gray shape started through the mist, took form, found shape, sprang higher, higher, broadened, darkened, gathered substance with its growing, and there beside them in the stream, substantial and serene, with the sunlight through the breaking clouds falling like gold upon her rigging and gilding her rail like a line of glory, lay the broad-beamed herring-buss, the Bonte Koe.

"Ahoy!" shouted Kregier. "Ahoy! the Bonte Koe!"

"Ahoy thyself!" said a quiet voice, and the skipper looked over the taffrail. "What seek ye of the Bonte Koe?" he asked, and then he suddenly stared. "By the holy *polepel*!" he gasped, and let his long pipe fall.

All that Barnaby remembered then was a hurry-scurry overhead, and a line of faces staring down; and when the wounded trumpeter and Tierck Van Ruyn had been taken aboard in a sail, and he himself was being swung up in a sling, he heard Mynheer Van Sweringen say, with an odd, quavering laugh: "Well, Skipper, I said we would come aboard—and here we have come aboard!"

Then they were under way and off—just how the boy could scarce have told. There was a rush of water along the lee side, the vessel heeled, and he was thrown face downward in the scuppers. There he lay for a moment, crying; for the pain was great, and no one came

to help him. Then, partly raising himself with one arm, he was leaning against the bulwarks, biting his lips and sobbing silently to himself, when Mynheer Van Sweringen came up the deck with his head bound in a cloth.

"What 's this?" he asked, and his hasty voice was oddly sharp. "Art hit? My soul, lad, have the dirty villains shot thee?" for he perceived the pattering line of drops that ran across the deck. A few moments more, and Barnaby lay on a bunk in the after cabin.

The trumpeter, white and hollow-eyed, was stretched upon a mattress, and Tierck Van Ruyn, with eyes like a ghost's, was leaning against a bulkhead, sipping at a cup of brandy. Swiftly ripping Barnaby's sleeve to where the pistol charge had torn its way through the arm just below the shoulder, Van Sweringen examined the wound. "My lad, my lad!" he said, "and thou hast taken this hurt for me, who have but used thee for a tool!" Then his voice choked and he said no more. But he knotted his handkerchief under the boy's arm until the blood ceased flowing, and washed the wound with cold water and a bit of fine, white soap, and having rubbed it gently, but well, with an ointment, laid raveled tow about it, bound it up in a linen bandage, and set the arm in a sling.

When he cut away the shirt-sleeve from the wound, Barnaby bit his lips for pain, for the torn sleeve clung to the sensitive flesh, and the pain was very keen; but the bullet had gone right in and out, and there were no bones broken, so that there was neither probing nor setting to be done; and the sharp, cold smart of the water and the benumbing ache of it left the lad feeling a bit more comfortable for a while.

The little cabin was close and hot, so that Van Sweringen took him out to the deck, and sat with him where the cooling wind might blow across his face, for Barnaby now was turning faint and was growing exceeding thirsty. It seemed as if he could never get enough cool water to drink, although Van Sweringen brought a crockful and set it upon the deck with a pannikin beside it, and helped him constantly.

The burning thirst grew all day long, and by night Barnaby's throat seemed like a parched

rush. He could not fall asleep. He was lying in the after cabin on a flock-bed on the floor, but thought very little of bed or surroundings, for he was in great pain. The air of the close cabin was smothering, and his arm throbbed so that rest was impossible. He got up and started into the waist, dizzily staggering as he went. He seemed quite unable to steady himself, although he had lived so long upon the sea, and losing his balance with the deep, slow rolling of the ship, would have fallen headlong had not a strong arm slipped about his waist and supported him. Mynheer Van Sweringen, seeing him arise, had sprung up and followed him out to the deck. "And is it so bad, then?" he asked. "Tut, lad, I am sorry! Let's see what I can do."

He helped Barnaby across the deck, and set him against the bulwarks in the hollow folds of an old sail, fetched the crock of water, and wet the bandage through until Barnaby whispered, "Oh, how good!" and heaved a sigh of relief. Then the envoy washed the lad's dry, hot face, threw back his long hair from his forehead, gave him a good, deep, refreshing drink of water straight from the scuttle-butt, and then sat down beside him. "There," he said cheerily, "that is better, and I will bide with thee."

By times Barnaby dozed, but ever waked again, for his arm was aching sorely. For the most he sat staring over the sea with the salt wind in his face. It was long until morning, he thought; the night grew hotter and hotter, until by the hurry of the blood in his veins he knew that the heat was fever. This increased as the night went on, and his mind began to wander through troubled scenes; he talked swiftly, sometimes incoherently, to Van Sweringen, telling him all that there was to tell of his life and its wandering:

"My father was a captain with the king. He rode with Rupert, Prince Rupert of the Rhine, and afterward served in Scotland until the king went down. Then he lay hid in Buckinghamshire, nigh upon his old home, first in one place, then another. All the old estate was gone in the ruin of the kingdom; he had saved his household goods alone; they lay concealed in London under cover of

friends, for he knew a-many Roundheads, sir, and was great cronies with some—Sir Arthur Haselrigg, Desborough, St. John, and Harry Vane. But ever things grew worse. 'God hath forsaken us,' he said, and then giving up hope, he had made up his mind to fly to America, where he had already bought him a good estate before the troubles began. Our stuff was stowed aboard a ship, and we were bound to join her, when of a sudden arose a great outcry that the king was coming again. A little, all was joyous; we rode our horses through the town; they had me cry, 'God save the king!' in every village green. Then began wild rumors of Sir Arthur and the rest whom the authorities sought to lay hold upon for treason to the king. One night, as we stopped at our lodgings in a tavern by Primrose Hill, a man came galloping up from the south with his drawn sword shining in his hand. His horse was lathered with clay and foam, and as he drew rein at the horse-block which stood before the tavern, the rider called out in a most piteous voice, 'Harry Lee! Harry Lee! In God's name, are ye here?'

"My father ran to the window, asking, 'Who comes here, in the dead of night, calling Harry Lee in the name of God?'

"When the man on horseback saw him—it was a brilliant moonlit night—he cried, 'I am Sir George Levering, Harry, and our dog hath had his day: they are seeking me out to slay me; save me, if you are a true friend.'

"Then my father ran for the stable-men, and we were up and away through the moonlight as hard as our horses could gallop.

"Our ship was to wait off Shoreham town until we came aboard, and we galloped by Twickenham Ferry until our horses could run no more. The next day we lay hid in a hayrick, and at nightfall were off again through Surrey, aiming for Shoreham. The chase was hard after us. Twice we saw them over the hills, sparkling in the sun, but gave them the slip, and all day long went galloping toward the south. We came into Shoreham in the night. I was asleep in father's arms. A fisherman's boat took us out to the ship, and we were all ready to sail, when Master Levering went ashore to sell his horse, needing

funds. Father went with him into the town to sell our horses also. They said they would quickly return; but oh, master, he never came back!

"How it came we never knew, but they fell upon the two in Shoreham. We saw them running in the street and come to a stand in the market-place. I could hear the pistols going and see the fisher-people run. Then two men were down on their faces, and one was creeping away from where my father and Levering stood; and then there followed a parley, but no good came of it, for I saw father wave his sword, and the people began to fire again, and the swirling smoke filled the market-place. By and by they stopped shooting; the smoke blew away. The people came out of their houses once more, and stood in the market-place all day; and when the day was ended, and it had begun to grow twilight, a boat came rowing from shore with constables and a lantern. When they came near the ship they shouted out, but I did not understand what they said; but some one shouted back at them from the poop-deck over my head, and warned them off at their peril, or the ship would fire upon them. But the wherry kept on coming, and the constables dared them to fire. Some one gave a terrible curse and fired over the rail. There was a horrible scream; the lantern went out, for the man who held it fell into the sea. The ship slipped her cables and ran, and I never saw my father again, nor knew where they buried him. Will ye give me another drink, sir? The cool water is so good, and talking makes the mouth dry."

Then he sat back silently a moment, watching the brown sails flap and fill. "All that came after that, master, was like a horrible dream. I was treated decently enough until we came to the Chesapeake Bay. Then they drove me below with kicks and curses, and all I saw of the Maryland shore was a glimpse of the bluff at St. Mary's which I caught through an unstoppered hawse-hole.

"To what came after that, sir, all that had gone before was child's play; it went from bad to worse, and I might never win ashore, no matter how I tried. I ha' prayed I might die, but I did not die; I sought to fly, but

might not; and now when I ha' succeeded at last in gaining a sight of freedom, ye be going to send me back again. Oh, do not send me back! Master, I would rather die than go back to that festering ship!"

Van Sweringen was kneeling with his hands upon Barnaby's shoulders. "Thou shalt never go back while there is a roof over my house," he said. "My home shall be thine, my kindred thy kindred; thou shalt be no more abused."

Then he sat with the boy and cheered him until the morning dawned, and cared for him all day as a soldier cares for his comrade; and when Barnaby tossed helplessly on the cushion, and could not rest from the constant motion of the ship, Van Sweringen held him, with the boy's head on his shoulder, and so steadied him, when night came again, that he might gain some respite from pain, taking no sleep himself, nor leaving the boy except to fetch something to comfort him; so that it began to come into Barnaby's mind, in spite of the pain he was in, that there is kindness in the world as well as cruelty, and that a face which is stern may sometimes cover a very gentle heart.

On the night of the sixth day out from the capes they came to New Amsterdam, and Mynheer Van Sweringen, Tierck Van Ruyn, Captain Kregier, and Barnaby went ashore in a fisherman's yawl.

When Mynheer Van Sweringen and Barnaby had come into the fort, the envoy beat upon the house door with his sword, and when the serving-man opened the door, stepped in quickly without a word, bringing Barnaby before him through the little entry to a room where the women were busily sewing about a small table. His head was still tied up in a cloth, and the boy's arm hung in a sling. "Hola!" said Mynheer Van Sweringen, "are we not welcome home?"

Laughing, they all looked up to greet him; but the laugh died away on their lips. "Oh, Gerrit, they have slain thee!" cried Mevrouw Van Sweringen.

"Nay, Barbara," he answered, laughing, "I am not utterly slain; in fact, I am neither murdered nor slain; they have only spoiled my beauty. A haughty spirit hath found a fall, and the crowing cock comes home again

with a much diminished comb. They have broken my obdurate head with a stone by the meadows of St. Mary's. 'T is only my hard head that is broken; but they would have broken thine heart, dear, had it not been for this young English rogue that I have fetched home again with me. The lad hath risked his life for mine, and hath taken a hard hurt; for the sacrifice he willingly offered I can offer him no recompense, yet I will give him an heritage of honesty and honor. I may have lost my beauty, but I have found me a son in its place."

Dorothy sprang to her feet. "A son, father dearest? Oh, then he is my brother!" she cried. "Oh, I have wanted a brother; how I shall tend to him!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DOROTHY AND BARNABY.

ATTEND to him she assuredly did, as though she had been his mother.

She made a linen shirt for him, woven of flax she herself had spun; she scraped him peppers to eat on his meat, baked him earth-apples, brown as old stones, which grew under the earth like turnips, but which, when done in the ashes, burst and were full of a sweet white meal; she parched for him nuts which grew in the ground in shells with tails to them; and one evening when he was feeling depressed, she made him a little brass pot full of chocolate, fixed a dish of garden greens and spice, upon a porcelain tray, and toasting a fresh rusk crisp and brown, she buttered it with butter she herself had churned that afternoon. And as he sat by the table eating, sipping the chocolate, munching the crackling crust of the rusk, and bit by bit growing more comfortable, she sat and watched him with a smile on her lips and a gentle light in her sparkling eyes.

At first Barnaby found it hard to understand this kindness. He had for so long been accustomed to cruelty that he suspected even gratitude of concealing malice, and had grown so familiar with continual abuse that when a kindly thing was done him or a gentle hand laid but a moment, in passing, upon his bended shoulder, a strange, questioning look came over

his face, a look sad to see on the face of a boy, from all it made evident. Sympathy is a beautiful thing if one but understand it; but Barnaby did not understand. Poor, wandering child, how could he?

One morning, as he sat by the doorway, thinking, he heard in the hallway behind him the girl's light footfall coming through the house, and turning, saw that she came with a fresh white bandage for his arm. She had on a pair of wooden shoes, which she wore for every day, and her skirts rustled softly as she came through the entry. With the white, long bandage fluttering over her arm, and her gentle face, she looked like a sister of mercy. "Come," she said, "and be put to rights; my mother hath sent me to fix thee."

Rising, he went as she pointed and sat in a chair beside the inner window. Under the window were roses in bloom on a trellis, filling the air with their perfume. Now and then a white pigeon sailed across the sky. "Slip thine arm out of the sling," she said, "and rest thy wrist on the sill here while I roll up thy sleeve. There, that will do nicely." Doffing the old bandage with gentle quickness, she took up a small green jar of ointment and from it deftly anointed his swiftly healing wound. Her sleeves were but to her elbows, and her wrists were supple and strong, though slender; her fingers were slim, but sure and firm, the touch of them light and dexterous. She wore a dandelion or two thrust through her yellow hair, and her graceful bearing was very sweet, with a grave young dignity. Her eyes glowed with interested concern as swiftly and deftly she bound up the arm and smoothed the bandage down. Then, with head upon one side, she critically looked her handiwork over, and as she tucked the last loose end of the bandage into its place, "There, lad, that will do better," she said, with pretty pride.

There was a little black-framed looking-glass hanging beside the window-casing. Barnaby sat watching the girl's reflection in it. Her gown was blue and white, which made her eyes look bluer; her elbow-sleeves were bordered with a narrow fringe of lace; her hair was gathered back into a little coil upon her neck, like a skein of twisted silk; the dandelions in her

hair seemed golden stars; there was dew in them still, and their split stems, cool and saturated with water, curled and twisted through her shining hair like small coils of pallid green wax.

The faces of the Dutch girls in the town were pink, white, and quietly sweet as the vervain in the garden, but her face was aglow with the French blood in her veins; and where the others were short and broad, though no doubt prettily plump, she was slim and lithe as a reed in a stream, and somehow seemed to partake of the cool, fresh clearness of the brooks. Though as yet scarcely more than a child, her steadiness and dignity made her seem almost a woman.

The boy watched her silently, reflected in the glass, his eyes held by the pose of her head and the deftness of the swift, slim fingers going so expertly under and over the bandage. While he was watching, the girl looked up, and her eyes met his in the mirror. She smiled and nodded in good-fellowship, whereas Barnaby dropped his eyes with a guilty sense of having taken advantage of her not knowing that he watched her as she cared for him.

Doubling a fresh kerchief, she slipped it under his wrist and made it fast about his neck. "There," said she, as she gently settled his arm to its place, "thou art fine as a fiddle-string."

"You are very good to me," he said, turning his face away. "Why are ye so good to

me? Surely there is naught I can do for you."

She looked at him in astonishment. "Why," she said, "what needst thou do? Hast not



"DEFTLY AND SWIFTLY DOROTHY BOUND UP HIS WOUNDED ARM."

saved my father's life? I have not forgotten, if thou hast!"

"Before that you were good to me."

"Thou wast ill then, and hungry, not strong, but weak with a fever, and thou hadst been cruelly beaten."

"What was it to thee if I had?"

"Why, then, perhaps, nothing at all," she said, "more than it was to any one; no more

than this, which is enough: there was none else to care."

"But why should you care?" he said sharply, turning to look straight in her face. "I am English, and you are Dutch."

With flushed cheeks she straightened up and looked at him. "Why, what dost thou mean?" she asked. "Thou art English and I Dutch? What hath that to do with liking? Doth being born on different spots make any difference? Is not kindness the same in the Netherlands as it is in your country of England? Why, my father says that the English and the Dutch are as like as two peas; and surely, where there is such likeness there should be kindness also, for kindness groweth out of men's hearts, and not, like cabbage-heads, out of the ground. Some men, forsooth, may be cabbage-heads and know not kindness. Cabbage-heads are cabbage-heads; it is not the garden where they grow that makes the difference; 't is by nature men are kind, and not by geography. Dost think that because I am partly Dutch I may not wholly like thee? Why, I put my liking where I choose, and hate where I've a mind to; and if thou dost imagine that I cannot care, because that some silly people say I may not, then I call thee foolish. I like thee, and I'll tell thee of it, for that is having my own sweet will, and I am not to be stopped of that by thee nor anybody else; I'll do as I please, and not ask thy permission. I like thee, and I tell thee so; thou art a gentle lad, courteous and delightful. I like thee. What's more, thou shalt like me. So there, enough. If I say aught offendeth thee, then I am sorry of it; but I have said what I have to say, and of that I am not sorry. I have done with it; so!"

She stood up, breathless, flushed, and charming in her impetuous earnestness, slender and graceful in her girlish pride, one dandelion, fallen from her hair, nodding over her glowing ear.

Barnaby took her hand in his. The poor lad's heart was full; yet how to show his gratitude, being grateful beyond expression, he did not know. He looked at her; she was facing him with quiet earnestness. He stooped and kissed her on the cheek as simply as a child.

She flushed a trifle. "That was prettily done," she said, with quiet dignity. "Some would call thee malapert, and be offended; but I shall not so mistake thee, and thank thee heartily. Art an earnest, honest, sensible lad, and I do honor thee; I would rather have thee brother to me than forty Derrick Storms."

A hot tear hurried down his cheek.

"Don't think it shame of me," he said; "but thou hast been more kind to me than all the world before."

"Fie on the horrid world!" she said, and stamped her little wooden shoe. "I'll fetch thee in a sugar-cake, and fie upon the world!" So she fetched him in a sugar-cake with twelve big raisins in it, and, besides the cake, three apples also, which he ate while she sat in the doorway and chattered: and so they soon grew to be very good friends.

It was wonderful how much that little maid knew, how much she had seen and observed. She could speak and read fluently in English, French, and Dutch, and a little in Italian, although she did not like the Italian. "It seemeth all *m's*, *o's*, *l's*, and *s's*, as if it were sweet molasses," she said. "The French is prettier." "But French ties knots in one's tongue," said he.

"Because thou art English," she answered. "The English never talk good French; they make ugly faces, and wave their arms; but that is not talking French. I get my French from my mother; she was a Huguenot, who fled out of France for religion's sake; at least, her fathers did, as did those of Madame Stuyvesant, the Director-General's wife. So they two are friends; one needeth friends in a wild, new world like this. When we first came to America we lived in a hut with a roof of rushes, where the hops ran wild and the wild grapes grew as big as my finger-knuckle. I gathered acorns in the wood, for we were run short of meal; and the soldiers called me a fairy, because I was so fair and small. They do not call me fairy now; I have grown a deal since then. Often we heard the wolves at night, and sometimes the panthers screamed in the forest, and sniffed so loud at the smell of the cows that it made my hair stand up. And once a great eland came and whistled in at the window, and father shot it

with his gun while it was chewing our cab-bages; and again a bear came to steal cher-ries, and we children chased him with sticks. He growled and fumed, but he went away; we did not know he could bite. Thou shouldst have seen my mother's face when we told her how we beat him! Most men are like old Bruin: they growl and fume; but if one be positive, they learn to do as they are bid. Presently I will show thee how. Didst think because I coddle thee now that I shall ever do so? Thou dost not know what a contrary thing a little maid can be; one moment she taketh thine head off, the next moment putteth it back. She is like a very small dog that hath splinters for teeth; she biteth fiercely, but doeth small hurt."

And so she chattered on. "Canst read a book?"

"Oh, yes," said Barnaby, "if the words be not as long as processions. I can read pass-ing well; father taught me. He taught me to sing; but I do not sing well; even the footman said so."

She bade him tell her of the ship.

"Not for the world," he answered. "A French rogue out of the jails of Toulon was the worthiest of that crew!"

Then she asked him to tell her of England, but his memories were confused. So he told her of things he had seen upon the sea: dol-phins swimming about the ship, sky-blue, with fins and tails like gold, turtles lying asleep on the waters, and sharks that followed after the ship. He told her tales that the sailors told, of how in Barbados the cannibals ate out of silver bowls as big as wash-hand-basins, sprinkled the walls of their houses with gold, and paved the streets with silver; and how, in Brazil, there was a river of vinegar. But he did not believe it all himself, nor ask her to believe it.

"Jan Roderigo, the Portingal, told me these tales upon his faith," said he, "that there

was a sea within the tropics so full of fish that the ships went aground upon them and small boats went on runners. But I do not believe the rogue; for the multitude of fish would soon swallow the water, and die for the lack of it; then there would be neither sea nor fish, only a dreadful smell; I trow it was a fairy-tale. But I will not speak any more of it all, for the ship was a horrible place. The sailors swore and drank and fought, and did whatever they pleased, and that was never anything good; and though sometimes some of them gave me things, the others always stole them, and I was not large enough to fight, so I had to take what came. The sail-ing-master sometimes took my part, and once he kicked the master's mate into a corner and told him to say his prayers; but the master's mate did not know any prayers, so the sailing-master kicked him head first through the panel of the door; and nobody ever mended it, so that the wind and the rain came in; and John King sat there, biting his nails, for he was afraid of the sailing-master. Scarlet was big-gest and strongest of all the picaroons, and threw them around like ninepins when he got into one of his rages. But I do not like to think of it; I would I might forget!"

It seemed that he might forget indeed. His troubles went falling away one by one, like leaves from the autumn trees. The Van Sweringens cared for him as if he had been of their blood; there was nothing could be done for him but they did it eagerly. With plenty to eat, and right good food, sleep enough, peaceful rest, and no more brutal treatment, he picked up health and strength apace. The color came into his cheeks, and his muscles began to fill out.

In a fortnight's time he was well of his wound, and in fuller strength of body and limb than he had ever known before. His heart sprang up; the world grew bright before his eyes; he set himself forward to better days.

(To be continued.)



"CHRISTY SEIZED JO BY THE HAND, AND DRAGGED HER OUT OF HARM'S WAY."

A DOUBLE HERO.

BY ELIZABETH H. MILLER.

ONE afternoon, when Christy Kirby was going home from school, he happened to meet his little sister Jo, who had run away from her nurse, and was making pies in the middle of the road. He stopped and called to her.

"Hello, Jo!"

"'Llo!" she answered, smiling sweetly up at him.

"Come on home with me," said Christy.

Jo returned to her pies and said nothing.

Just then, hearing shouts and cries behind him, Christy looked back, to see a big wagon with two horses to it plunging down the hill straight toward the very spot where Jo was playing. Three or four men were hurrying out of houses and across fields, only they were a long way off.

It seemed the most natural idea in the world to Christy to run across the road as fast as his fat little legs would carry him, seize Jo by the hand, and drag her out of harm's way. He was not an instant too soon. For the two small people had barely gained the roadside when the great horses thundered by, their flying hoofs stamping Jo's pies into powder.

Jo was filled with indignation, but, for some reason Christy did not understand, everybody else thought that he had done a very fine thing. His mother petted him and cried over him; his father gave him a gold-piece; and when he went down street to spend it, so many ladies stopped him to ask him questions and kiss him and make him presents of sticks of candy that he decided to give up his shopping for that afternoon. Christy was well pleased with it all. He liked to be called a "nice, brave boy"; he did n't even mind the kisses so much; and the candy he enjoyed extremely.

The next day at school most of the large boys who usually kept to themselves had something to say to Christy.

"So you are a hero, are you?" asked one of

the sixth-form boys. "How big does that make a boy of your size feel, I wonder?"

"He always feels big," answered a voice, before Christy could speak. "He always thinks he's more than anybody else."

Christy sighed and shut his mouth tight. He knew whose the voice was, and he looked upon Dan Sproles as one of the trials of life.

"Well," said the sixth-form boy, easily, "I guess he has a right to hold his head pretty high just now. If I were you I would n't complain of it; ill-tempered people might call you envious of him."

He strolled away, while Dan glared after him angrily, and then relieved his feelings by another attack on Christy.

"Being so proud won't make you get the prize any quicker. It can't take those absences off."

"I know it," said Christy, still trying to keep his temper.

"It can't teach you to learn arithmetic any easier."

Christy was silent.

"It can't make up for the bad mark you got last week whispering," went on Dan, with a snigger, for they both knew who was responsible for that bad mark.

Then Christy forgot that he was a hero. He stamped his foot and clenched his fist at Dan, and rushed into saying a great many things not polite enough to be put into a story.

Before he had finished, the bell rang, and they had to go in to school.

"Oh, dear!" thought Christy, dolefully, as he sat down at his desk. "There, I've gone and got mad again, when I meant to try not to any more. Mother says I can't be the right sort of a fellow till I quit that. I think it's awfully hard, anyway, to be the right sort of a fellow when Dan Sproles is around."

When school was out there was a gentleman

at the front gate talking to one of the teachers. His name was Dr. Morton, and he lived in the finest house in town. As soon as he saw Christy he called out to him:

"Come here, young man, and let me shake hands with you."

Christy went.

"You are the chap, are you, that saved your little sister's life? Well, you are a citizen to boast of, are n't you? Something ought to be done in the way of a celebration. How would firecrackers and ice-cream suit you,—around at my house?"

Christy did not venture to answer, for fear it might be a joke, but his face, which had been very serious since recess, began to broaden into a smile, and his eyes began to twinkle. The doctor watched him, and needed nothing more.

"We 'll do it," he said, "to-morrow night. And let me see about the guests. Suppose I invite all the boys in your class here at school. What do you say?"

"Thank you," said Christy, hastily, growing grave again at having forgotten his manners.

The doctor laughed.

"Not at all. Don't mention it. But what do you think of inviting your classmates to our party? Would it please you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me who they are," said Dr. Morton, taking a pencil out of his pocket and a slip of paper, and using the gate-post for a writing-desk.

Christy gave him the names, glibly at first, but more and more slowly, until finally the doctor did not know whether he had come to the end or not.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I guess so." But Christy hesitated, and Dr. Morton waited. "There 's another boy," said Christy, at last; "but he does n't really belong in our class; he only half belongs. He goes in a bigger room part of the time."

"Maybe we 'd rather do without him," suggested the doctor.

"Yes, sir," said Christy, speaking now without any delay.

So the doctor put the list in his pocket and

walked off. But he had not gone far when Christy came running and calling after him.

"What 's this?" said Dr. Morton. "Did we forget somebody?"

"No, sir; but I suppose we 'd better invite that other boy that only half belongs to our room. Yes, we 'd better. I just thought I 'd tell you."

"Very well. What is his name?"

"Dan Sproles."

The doctor added Dan to his list, and started off again without asking any embarrassing questions. But when Christy got to school the next morning, there, waiting for him, was Dan, full of questions. He began at once:

"I say, I 'm invited to your party just the same as all the rest. What made you do that? Dr. Morton said you asked him to ask me. Did you?"

Christy nodded unwillingly.

"What for?"

"Because I chose to."

"But why?" persisted Dan. "It was n't because you liked to have me."

"No, it was n't," said Christy, honestly.

"And you did n't have to have me. Dr. Morton said you did n't. So what made you?"

Being driven into a corner, Christy explained his point of view with more regard to the facts than either to grammar or to tactfulness.

"Because if you were me," he said, "and I were you, I knew you would n't ask me; and so, then, I would n't be enough like you to—well—I 'd rather you 'd come to-night, even if you spoil everything."

Dan's face crimsoned as he understood what Christy meant, but he took it very meekly.

"I won't spoil anything; you 'll see."

Christy looked doubtful.

"You 'll see," repeated Dan. "Just wait. Dr. Morton 's a queer man. You tell him things before you think of it. I told him about how you got that mark the other day, and about plaguing you sometimes, because it 's easy. I told him I did n't think you 'd want me at your party. He only listened and said, 'Humph!' and that he guessed you were two kinds of a hero, maybe."

"What did he mean?"

"Why, one kind is to pull any one out of a danger, like Jo, you know; and those heroes

are likely to get fireworks and ice-cream for it. The other kind is to treat any one that plays tricks on you as if he was as much of a gentleman as you are yourself; and those don't always get any firecrackers."

"What do they get?"

"I asked him, and he said, 'Nothing, very often, only just the reward of being high-minded.' He said perhaps I did n't know what that was; perhaps I did n't care anything about that."

Dan stopped and wriggled the toe of his

boot in the ground, and twisted the middle button of his jacket round and round. Then he said chokily, in a small voice:

"But—but I do, you know. And—and, Christy, I guess it 's true, what he said. I guess you were both those two kinds of a hero, don't you know."

They looked at each other and looked away again. Being boys, they saw no necessity for saying anything more on the subject. But Christy added:

"Say, Dan, stop for me to-night, will you?"



A SEPTEMBER MORNING.



Her Signature

Yes! I'm glad
my name
is May.

It's short and
sweet, as you
might say.

So I think it's
just as well
It's not Cathlean
or Issabell.

For, if it had
been, there's
no telling

What might
have happened
to the spelling."



MAURICE CLIFFORD.



THE OBSERVING SPORTSMAN.

BY WILMOT TOWNSEND.

How seldom one sees a sick bird in the wild state! The poor prisoners in our cages and aviaries often droop and pine; but this is rarely the case with wild birds.

Now and again on your rambles you may come across a dead bird among the thickets, or by the roadside; but examination will generally prove the cause of death to have been accident or violence.

I am speaking now in regard to the average number of deaths among feathered "wood-folk" during an ordinary season when food is abundant and no unusual events such as floods, severe storms, or chilling frosts in late spring have thinned their ranks.

What would our forests and fields, our meadows, our lakes and bays, even "old ocean," be without birds?

The sportsman is not always a bloodthirsty fellow. He sometimes finds a wonderful fund of enjoyment in observation; and it is not always necessary for him to disturb a quiet landscape by the roar of his gun that he may realize he is having sport.

Many times my only hunting companion has been a strong field-glass; and it has revealed many a delightful bit of Nature's story, as told by the birds in actions which often "speak louder than words."

We find a great difference in the natures and habits of the healthy birds we see about us. Instinct all animals possess; and at times it is hard to decide where instinct ends or reason begins. Birds differ greatly in intelligence, and also seem to differ in true rank. There are plebeian birds, and there are aristocratic birds, and

some we may call thoroughbreds. We know a thoroughbred horse; his delicate ears, high-strung action, and, above all, his build proclaim him at a glance. So with thoroughbred birds; but in their case it is a certain indescribable something that distinguishes them.

To me the wild duck is the very embodiment of the "thoroughbred" among water-fowl. Swift of flight, watchful, alert, and full of resource in case of emergency, this beautifully formed creature has as much "blue blood" and game in his nature as any of the winged creatures over which the Creator has given man dominion.

Will you be my guest to-day? It may be I can interest you. Bring an opera-glass, and we will start for the river.

The water is as smooth as glass. How still! You can hear the *pluck! pluck!* of an ax in the clearing across the water, and presently the faint crash of a falling tree comes over to us; but all is harmony and quiet restfulness. A dead pine stands out in bold relief on the bluff directly opposite, and there, as usual, is perched an eagle.

With the glass you may bring him close. See how he has shaken himself loose, so to speak; his feathers are ruffled and his wings drooping in the enjoyment of a sun-bath. His whole attitude betokens lazy contentment.

But his eye! Ah, his eye is on the *qui vive*; and even as we watch, he suddenly draws his wings to his sides, and is all attention. He has seen, around the bend in the river, something that has startled him.

Presently he crouches with half-spread wings, still intently watching; then with graceful motion he sails out over the river, mounting on



THE MALLARD LEADER SUSPECTS AN AMBUSH.

easy circles into the blue sky, accompanied by a vindictive pair of crows who have suddenly appeared to pester him, as is their wont.

There comes a boat round the bend! The bird evidently distrusted its occupant, and wisely decided not to take any chances.

Look at those ducks in midstream—quite a bunch of them. Do you see what a wide berth they give that boat? They are swimming rapidly, but as yet are not at all alarmed.

The old ducky who plies the oars has seen them at last, and heads his clumsy craft in their direction. He will never get those wary birds within range of his old "Zulu" gun on this trip, I'll wager. Watch them; as quick as a wink they saw that he had changed his course, and now they are swimming more compactly grouped, and at double their former speed.

There they go! Rising in quick succession, they skim off in a long line just over the water. What could the old man have been thinking of? Do you suppose he imagined they would



THE HAWK PURSUING A WILD DUCK.

wait for him? Not a bit of it! Turn your glass down-stream. Ah, yes! there is a blind below, and he has evidently "put them up," thinking his "pardner" might possibly secure a shot. But no; they have settled again well out of range. Black ducks are too cute for the "coons" this time.

Look this way. There go four mallards toward the flats below us. There they pitch. How quickly they entered the water! It was all done in an instant, and now they sit erect at a safe distance from the reeds, with every nerve on the alert. Satisfied after a few moments that all is well, they swim closer and proceed to disport and enjoy themselves.

One might say that "this is a very ordinary occurrence" that any one with a good pair of eyes in his head may see hundreds of times in a season. Wait a moment! There are eyes and eyes, and one pair of eyes when rightly exercised will see much more than another, even though both be directed at the same object.

A careless pair of eyes would have told their possessor only that ducks had alighted near the reeds. Another pair, in the head of his companion, would have told him, the instant he sighted the birds in air, that they were mallards. He saw the leader, as they swung around that clump of reeds, drop his feet preparatory to alighting, while at the same time his bright eyes were glancing about the nearer waters and reeds in search of lurking danger, and his wings were elevated a trifle more than in usual flight, ready to arrest his speed if the coast were clear, and at the same instant to urge him onward with the swiftness of a bullet had he seen anything suspicious. In the latter event, the dangling legs would have disappeared as if by magic, the drooping body would have straightened out, and those sturdy wings, with a buzz like those of a bumblebee, would have quickly carried him out of harm's way. It was plain that his fellows had perfect confidence in his ability to guide them safely, and with the exception of the one immediately behind him, who turned his head for an instant as though he were making his own inspection, they followed blindly.

All this was shown in a few moments of time to the quick eyes of our observer, and now he has a mental photograph of the whole scene. This is a field that has only recently been invaded by the camera-operators. The observer, however, can develop the picture for himself at will, and in a way depict for others the striking action displayed therein.

In the pursuit of game, and especially of water-fowl, it is absolutely necessary to refrain from any sudden motion while the birds are approaching. Trusting to their keen sight, the wary fowl are wonderfully quick to detect any movement on the part of the gunner. His dress, too, should be in keeping with his surroundings. Any neutral color will do; but he must not wear either a black hat or a black coat.



"ON SILENT WING THE GREAT BIRD QUARTERS THE MARSH."

The birds rarely forget their caution; and they are always extremely careful when swinging to decoys. Their sharp eyes are taking in everything as they approach, and the least departure from the ordinary is sure to attract attention and excite suspicion. You need only see a flock come to decoys, swing off, return, and again swing off, to realize the truth of this statement.

The wild duck possesses a large bump of curiosity, and may at times be brought within shot by taking advantage of this trait; but, ordinarily, it is "your wits against theirs," and this is the great charm of the sport.

It is exciting to watch the duck-hawk in pursuit of his prey. Given an open field with the quarry, it is astonishing to witness the exhibition of speed by these "thoroughbred" racers. The hawk will often overtake and strike a duck in the air, though he seems to prefer to single out one from some flock, and, if possible, force him to dive. As the duck comes to the surface to breathe, the hawk is at hand, and down goes the duck once more. This is repeated until the poor duck is almost exhausted; and when the duck pauses a second too long at the surface, the hawk pounces, and the duck is secured.

There is wonderful sagacity shown by these birds in forcing a diving duck away from the reeds into open water. They seem loath to exert themselves sufficiently to capture their game on the wing, but will "dog him," as it were, from the shallows to deep water, where in sheer desperation the victim dives, fancying that one or two long reaches under water will bring him within the shelter of the reeds. Seldom, however, is he successful in the at-

tempt; fear and exhaustion generally end the matter as the hawk wishes.

A great many ducks crippled by gunners will make for the marshes, where they hide; and sometimes, if fortunate and not too severely wounded, they will recover. But even here they are not safe: the prowling fox or mink will strike their trail among the sedge, and often catch them when they venture too near the shore.

Out in the deeper parts of the marsh ducks must exercise the greatest caution when feeding; for when the dusk of evening settles down on lake and fen, and the mystery of the twilight reigns, a most dangerous foe—the "still-hunting owl"—comes from the darkening woods, and on silent wing the great bird quarters the marsh backward and forward with the thoroughness of a well-trained hound. Still-hunting is the high art of sport, and the big owls are experts in their way.

This habit of closely observing can be cultivated by any one, though some are naturally quicker than others to see and appreciate significant trifles.

Observation keeps one in touch with nature, and largely contributes to his enjoyment of an outing. Try it! And remember, when afield, that "speech is silver, while silence is golden."



JINGLE.

By G. G. WIEDERSEIM.

PAPA's a-riding away to town
To buy my mama a beautiful
gown
With laces and ruffles and rib-
bons of red,
And a dear little bonnet to put
on her head.



A Family Reunion

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

THE family once held a fête,
And Charlie Boy was there;
But Charlie sat him down and sulked:
"I do not think it 's fair!

"The other little girls and boys
Have lots and lots of cousins,
And brothers and twin sisters, too,
By threes and fours and dozens.

"But there are n't any relatives
To come with me and play,
Except just this one little girl,
My cousin, Rosa May."

Now, Charlie should have looked around
And thought the matter out,
And soon, I 'm sure, he would have found
He had no cause to pout.

For, all in Charlie's family,
And mostly of his name,
Besides our Charlie Boy himself,
Just hear what children came.

Well, there was little Rosa first;
And grandpa's grandchild dear;
His great-great-aunt's grandnephew's girl
Was also sitting near.

The cousin of his father's son;
The niece of Charlie's mother;
His auntie's child—the only one
Of his mother's husband's brother.

His second cousin once removed
Had a third cousin, too,
The cousin of our Charlie Boy—
Is this quite plain to you?

His grandma's husband's son-in-law
 Had one sweet daughter there;
 And the child of mama's brother-in-law
 Was every bit as fair.

The grandniece of his father's aunt;
 The grandchild of *her* brother;
 His uncle's grandma's grandson's niece,—
 Oh, wait; was there another?

Yes; Charlie's father's brother's wife
 Had brought her little daughter.
 If Charlie could not play with *these*,
 Why, deary me! he oughter!

But Charlie only sat and sulked,
 As naughty boys will do,
 And whined to little Rosa May,
 "What game is there for *two*?"

A BLOT TRANSFORMED.

BY LIDA S. PRICE.

My brother 's very careless.
 Last night—what do you think?—
 He made, in my nice album,
 A great big blot of ink!



I could n't take it out, because
 Upon the other side
 Are lovely verses written
 By dear Aunt Ruth, who died.

So I felt sad, till Uncle James
 Said, "Pussy, don't you fret;
 We 'll make that page the prettiest one
 In the whole outfit, yet."

So then he made a few quick lines,
 And signed it, "Uncle Jim."
 Well, this is how that blot looks now!
 Was n't it kind of him?



A SONG FOR SCHOOL.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

SOME boys, when they come into school
(And some girls, too!),

I grieve to be obliged to say

That this is what they do:

They wriggle,

And jiggle;

They hang their heads,

And giggle;

They twitter,

And titter;

They bounce and flounce

And flitter.

Whatever thoughts their minds may fill,
They've *no* idea of keeping still.

Some boys, when they take up their books
(And some girls, too!),

I weep to be obliged to say

That this is what they do:

They batter them,

They tatter them,

They crumple, rumple,

Scatter them;

They scrawl them,

And maul them;

They snatch and pull

And haul them.

It makes me *very* sad to state
A school-book's is a wretched fate.

THE IMP AND THE DRUM.

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM.

It never would have happened but for Miss Eleanor's mission class. Once a week through the winter she went in the cars to a town not far from the city, where there were a great many mills, but few schools, and talked to a crowd of the mill-hands' little children. She did not give them lessons, exactly, but she told them stories and sang songs with them and interested them in keeping themselves and their homes clean and pretty. They were very fond of her and were continually bringing in other children, so that after the first year she gave up the small room she had rented and took them up two flights into an old dancing-hall, a little out of the center of the village.

The Imp had been from the beginning deeply interested in this scheme, and when he learned that many of the boys were just exactly eight and a half,—his own age,—and that they played all sorts of games and told stories and

sang songs, and had good times generally, his interest and excitement grew, and every Thursday found him begging his mother or Big Aunty, with whom they spent the winter, to telephone to his dear Miss Eleanor that this time he was to accompany her and see all those fascinating children: big Hans, who, though fourteen, was young for his years and stupid; little Olga, who was only eleven, but who mothered all the others, and had brought more children into the class than any one else; Pierre, who sang like a bird, and wore a dark-blue jersey and a knitted cap pulled over his ears; red-headed Mike, who was all freckles and fun; and pretty, shy Elizabeth, with deep violet eyes and a big dimple, who was too frightened to speak at first, and who ran behind the door even now if a stranger came.

But it was not till the Imp gave up being eight and a half and arrived at what his Uncle

Stanley called quarter of nine that Miss Eleanor decided that he might go, if his mother would let him.

"I used to think," she said, "that it would n't be wise to take him. I thought they 'd feel awkward; for of course he 's better dressed, and I don't want them to feel that they 're being shown off or made an exhibition of, even to a child. But I know them so well now, and I 've told them about him and how he loves to play games, and wants to come, and I think it may really be a good thing—for both sides."

So, on one delicious Thursday in early February, the Imp boarded the train proudly, and they steamed out of the big station. He had gone over the entire afternoon, in anticipation, with Harvey, his little lame friend, who could not go to school, but did his lessons with a tutor, and with whom the Imp studied every morning during the three or four months they spent in the city; and Harvey was as interested as he, and sent his best love to them all.

From the moment of the Imp's entrance, when his cheerful "Hullo!" made him any number of friends, and his delight at being there made them all delighted to have him, he was a great success; and when big Hans, with a furtive glance at the Imp's clean hands, went quietly off to the ever-ready basin and washed his own, Miss Eleanor regretted that she had not brought him sooner.

When they had finished the story about Washington at Valley Forge,—for Miss Eleanor was quietly teaching them history,—she got them into a long line that reached quite around the room, and went out for a moment, returning with a drum in her hand—not a play drum, but a real one, with polished black sticks and a fascinating strap to cross over the shoulder.

"Now," said she, "we 're going to learn the fire-drill, and we 'll take turns at the drum."

The children were delighted, and stood still as mice while she explained the order of affairs. In the big city public schools, she had been told, they practised going out in line at a mock alarm of fire, and the boy or girl who broke out of line or dashed for the door before the drum-tap was disgraced for days in the eyes of

the school. Everything must be quiet and in order; every child must have his place and take it; no one must cry out, or run ahead, or push, or try to hurry matters; and, most important, all must keep step—which was why the drum came to be there.

She arranged them carefully: little ones first, then girls, last of all the boys, with big Hans at the rear, and Olga managing a crowd of the little ones.

"Now," she said, "we won't leave the room this first time; we 'll just march round and round till we all can keep step, and later we 'll practise going through the halls and downstairs. I 'll drum the first time, and then the best boy shall be drummer."

The friend who had suggested the fire-drill when Miss Eleanor had begged her for some new game to play had never seen one, and did not know the exact details, but she knew the general idea of it, and she knew, too, that it was not at all easy for people to keep in step, even to a drum. This had surprised Miss Eleanor greatly. She supposed that anybody could keep step, and she was much inclined to doubt her friend's statement that a large number of grown people, even, found it difficult.

But there was a still greater surprise in store for her. When she slung the strap over her pretty red waist and hit the drum a resounding blow, a very different sound from what she had expected was the result—a muffled, flat noise, with nothing inspiring about it whatever. She bit her lip and tried again, the children watching her attentively from the sides of the big room.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang, bang, bang!

A few feet began to keep time, but the sound was not very different from that produced by a stick hit against the wall, and big Hans, whose father played in a band, and who had attended many rehearsals,—it was from him the drum had been procured,—shook his head solemnly.

"Not so! Not so!" he said in his thick, gruff voice. "You no hit good! You no hit hard!"

"Oh, Hans, can *you* play it?" cried Miss

Eleanor, eagerly. "Here, take it!" And she flung the strap over his shoulder. Hans shambled out to the center of the room, and struck a mighty blow. The familiar deep sound of a drum filled the place, and Miss Eleanor sighed with relief; but alas! her joy was short-lived, for poor Hans had no idea of time, and could only pound away like a hammer. In vain she held his hand and tried to guide his strokes. The noise was deafening, but no more to be marched to than thunder.

Little Pierre tried next; but though he kept perfect time, and looked very cunning in his little blue blouse, his taps were too light to cover the sound of the tramping feet.

Miss Eleanor's cheeks were red with vexation. Her arm ached, and the children were getting restless. She did not know what to do.

"Oh, dear! *Who* would have thought it was so hard?" she exclaimed pathetically. And then she noticed the Imp, who was fairly holding his lips in his effort to keep silence. For he had solemnly promised his mother not to put himself forward, nor suggest anything, nor offer to do a single thing till he was asked, on pain of never coming again.

"What is it, Perry?" she asked.

"I can—I can play a drum, Miss Eleanor!" he burst out.

She looked doubtful; the Imp was given to thinking that he could do most things.

"This is n't a play drum, you know, dear; it's a real one," she said.

"But I can play a real one. Truly I can! Mr. Archer taught me—he was a truly drummer-boy in the war; he showed me how. He said I could hit it up like a good 'un!" the Imp exploded again.

Miss Eleanor dimly remembered that among the Imp's amazing list of acquaintances, a one-legged Grand Army man, who kept a newspaper-stall, had been mentioned, and decided that it could do no harm to let him try.

"Well, put it on," she said, and the Imp proudly assumed the drum, grasped the sticks loosely between his fingers, wagged his head knowingly from side to side, and began.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrm! brrrm! brrrm!

The straggling line straightened, the children began to grin, and little Pierre, at the head of the line, stamped his foot and started off. Miss Eleanor's forehead smoothed, and she smiled encouragingly at the Imp.

"That's it, that's it!" she cried delightedly. "How easy it looks!"

But the Imp stopped suddenly, and the moving line stopped with him.

"Wait! I forgot!" he said peremptorily. "You must n't start till I do this."

And with a few preliminary taps he gave the long roll that sends a pleasant little thrill to the listener's heart.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrm—um dum!

The children jumped with delight, and the line started off, the Imp drumming for dear life around the inside of the big square, and Miss Eleanor keeping the hasty ones back and hurrying the stragglers, trying to make big Hans feel the rhythm, and suppressing Pierre's happy little skips.

After a half-hour of this they begged to try the halls and stairs, and the Imp stood proudly on the landings, keeping always at about the middle of the line, stamping his right foot in time with his sticks, his eyes shining with his joy, his little body straight as a dart.

Miss Eleanor was delighted. The boys responded so well to her little talk on protecting the girls and waiting till they were placed before taking their own stand in the line, the girls stood so straight, the little ones entered so well into the spirit of the thing, that she felt that afternoon to have been one of the best they had had, and confided as much to the Imp on their journey home.

As for the Imp, he had a new interest in life, and talked of little else than the fire-drill for days. There was no question as to his going the next Thursday, and he and his drum formed the chief attraction of the day, for the drill proved the most popular game of all, and after the proclamation had gone forth that none but clean-handed, neatly dressed, respectful boys need aspire to head the line, such boys were in a great and satisfying majority.

For a month they had been practising regu-

larly, and by the end of that time every child knew his place and took it instantly at the opening tap. It was pretty to see little Olga shake back her yellow pigtailed and marshal her tiny brood into line; even the smallest of them kept step nicely now. Only big Hans could not learn, and Pierre walked by his side in vain, trying to make him feel the rhythm of the Imp's faithful drumsticks.

There was one feature of the drill that amused Miss Eleanor's friends greatly. Of course there was no fire-alarm in the old hall, and she would not let any one cry out or even pretend for a moment that there was any real danger. She merely called sharply, "*Now!*" when they were to form, and it was one of the suppressed excitements of the afternoon to wait for that word. They never knew when it would come.

For Miss Eleanor's one terror was fire. Once, as a little girl, she had been carried out of a burning house, and the flames bright against the night, the hoarse shouts of the firemen, the shock of the frightened awakening, and the chill of the cold winter air had so shaken her nerves that she could hardly bear to remember it. Burglars had little terror for her; in accidents she was cool and collected; more than once, in a quiet way, she had saved people from drowning; but a bit of flaming paper turned her cheeks white and made her hands tremble. So, though big Hans begged to be allowed to call out "*Fire!*" she would never let him, and though she explained the meaning of the drill to them, it is to be doubted if they attached much importance to the explanation, as she herself did not care to talk about it long.

One fine, windy Thursday—it was the second Thursday in March, and the last Thursday the Imp would be able to spend with his new friends, for he was going back to the country—they started out a little depressed in spirits: the Imp because it was his last visit, Miss Eleanor because she was afraid her children were in danger of a hard week. The hands of three of the largest factories were "on strike," and though they were quite in the wrong, and were demanding more than any but the ring-leaders themselves felt to be just, they were ex-

cited to the pitch of rage that no reasoning could calm, and as the superintendents had absolutely refused to yield any further, affairs were at a dead-lock. One or two of Miss Eleanor's friends had grown alarmed, and urged her not to go there till the matter was settled, but she would not listen to this.

"Why, this is the very time I want to keep the children out of the streets!" she said. "They all know me—nobody would hurt me. They know I love the children, and I have nothing to do with their quarrel. I should be willing to trust myself to any of them. They have always been very polite and respectful to me, and they've been getting ready for this for two weeks, for that matter."

Her father agreed to this, and assured the Imp's mother that any demonstration that might take place would be at the other end of the town, near the mills, and that it was very unlikely that anything further than a shut-down for a few days would result, at most.

"They're in the wrong, and the most of them know it, I hear," he said. "They can't hold out long; nobody else will hire them."

This may have been true, but it did not add to their good humor. As the Imp and Miss Eleanor walked up through the village, the streets were filling rapidly with surly, idle men. Dark-eyed Italians, yellow-haired Swedes, talkative, gesticulating Irish, and dogged, angry English jostled one another on the narrow walks, talking loudly. Miss Eleanor hurried the Imp along, picking up a child here and there on the way, and sighing with relief as she neared the old hall.

Some of the excitement had reached the children, and though they had come in large numbers, for they knew it was the Imp's last visit for some time, and there had been hints of a delightful surprise for them on this occasion, they were restless and looked out of the windows often. There was a shout of applause when, the Imp suddenly becoming overwhelmed with shyness, Miss Eleanor invited them all out to his home for one day in the summer; but that excitement died down, and more than one of the older children glanced slyly at the door. The men from that end of the town were filing by, and most of the women were following after.

Miss Eleanor racked her brains for some amusement. It was cold in the room, for the boy who had charge of the clumsy, old-fashioned stove was sick that day, and there was no fire. So, partly to keep them contented, and partly to get them warm, she proposed a game of blindman's-buff. There was a shout of assent, and presently they were in the midst of a tremendous game. The stamping feet of the boys and the shrill cry of the girls made a deafening noise; the dust rose in clouds; the empty old building echoed confusingly. The fun grew fast and furious; the rules were forgotten; the boys began to scuffle and fight, and the little girls danced about excitedly.

Miss Eleanor called once or twice to quiet them, but they were beyond control; they paid no attention to her. With a little grimace she stepped out of the crowd to breathe, and took out her watch. "Twenty minutes!" she said to little Olga, who followed her about like a puppy. "I'll give them ten more, and then they *must* stop!"

Little Olga began to cough, and looked doubtfully at the old stove, which was given to smoking.

"It smell bad just the same, don't it?" she called. They had to raise their voices to be heard above the noise.

"No, child; it's the dust. Is n't it dreadful?" Miss Eleanor called back, coughing herself. "But it smells just like smoke. How horrid it is! And how hot!" she added after a moment. "With the windows open, too! We'll all take cold when we go out. They *must* stop! Boys, boys! Hans, come here to me!"

She rang a little bell that was the signal for quiet, and raised her hand.

"Now I'm going to open the door, to get a thorough draft, and then we'll quiet down," she said, and pushed through the crowd to the door.

As she opened it wide a great cloud of brown, hot smoke poured into the room, a loud roaring, with little snapping crackles behind it, came from below, and Miss Eleanor suddenly put her hand to her heart, turned perfectly white, and half fell, half leaned against the door.

For a moment the children were quite still—

so still that through the open door they could hear the roar and the crackle. Then, suddenly, before she could prevent him, little Pierre slipped through and started down the hall. With a cry she went after him, half the children following her; but in a moment they crowded back, screaming and choking. The stairs at the end of the long hall were on fire!

Miss Eleanor tried to call out, but though her lips moved, she could not speak above a whisper. She shut the door and leaned against it, and the look in her eyes frightened the children out of what little control they had.

"Call," she said hoarsely, "call 'Fire!' out of the window. Quick! Call, all of you!"

But they stumbled about, crying and gasping, some of them struggling to get by her out of the door. She was trembling violently, but she pushed them away and held the door-knob as tightly as she could. Only Olga ran to the open window, and sent a piercing little shriek out into the quiet street:

"Fire! Fire! Come along! Fire!"

For a moment there was no answer, and then a frightened woman ran out of her house and waved her hand.

"Come out! Come out, you!" she called.

"Our stairs is burnt all up! We can't!" screamed Olga.

The woman ran quickly down the empty street, calling for help as she ran, and the children surged about the door, a crowd of frightened little animals, trying to drag Miss Eleanor away from it.

"Wait," she begged them, "wait! You can't go that way—they'll bring ladders! Oh, *please* wait!"

Her knees shook beneath her, the room swam before her eyes. The smell of the smoke, stronger and stronger, sickened her. With a thrill of terror, she saw big Hans drag a child away from the window, and deliberately pushing her down, prepare to climb out over her, almost stepping on her little body.

Suddenly she caught sight of the Imp. He was pushing his way through the crowd valiantly, but not toward her.

"Come here, Perry!" she said weakly. But he paid no attention. He had been dazed for a moment, and, like all the other children,

her terror had terrified him quite as much as the fire. Now, as he caught her eye, and saw the helpless fear in her face as she watched Hans, something sent him away from her to a farther corner, and as the smoke began to come up between the boards of the floor, and the same deadly stillness reigned outside, while the confusion grew greater in the hot, crowded room, a new sound cut through the roar and the crackle.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrm, brrrm, brrrm!

The children turned. Big Hans, with one leg out of the window, turned back. There was a little rush, half checked, for the sides of the room, and Olga instinctively looked about for her small charges.

But they wavered undecidedly, and as the sound of steps outside and the clattering of horses' feet reached them, a new rush for the door began, and Miss Eleanor's hand slipped from the knob, while she half fell beside it.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrm—um dum!

That familiar long roll had never been disobeyed; the habit of sudden, delighted response was strong; and with a quick recollection that he was to be head boy, big Hans slipped from the window-sill and jumped to the head of a straggling line. Olga was behind him in a moment, and Pierre, proud of his position as rear-guard and time-keeper for the little boys, pushed them, crying and coughing, into place.

Miss Eleanor must have been half unconscious for a moment. When she struggled to her feet, no scrambling crowd, but an orderly, tramping line pushed by her, and above the growing tumult outside, above the sickening roar of the fire below, came the quick, regular beat of the faithful drum:

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrm! brrrm! brrrm!

The children marched as if hypnotized. The long line just filled the sides of the room, and they were squeezed in so tightly that they forced one another on unconsciously. The Imp in his excitement beat faster than usual, and

his bright red cheeks, his straight little figure, as he walked his inside square, his quick, nervous strokes, were an inspiration to the most scared laggard. Big Hans, elated at his position,—his for the first time,—never took his eyes off the black sticks, and worked his mouth excitedly, keeping time to the beats, the Imp frowning at his slightest misstep.

Miss Eleanor, the door hot against her back, forced her trembling lips into a smile, and cheered them on as they tramped round and round. Was nothing being done? Would no one come?

Suddenly there was a thundering, a clanging, and a quick, sharp ringing gong came closer with every stroke; the sound of many running feet, too, and loud, hoarse orders. The line wavered, seemed to stop. She summoned all her strength, and called out aloud for the first time:

"Don't stop, children! Keep right on! Stand straight, Hans, and show them how well you can lead!"

Hans tossed his head, glared at a boy across the room who had broken through, and forged ahead. There was a succession of quick blows on the sides of the room, a rush, and in another moment three helmeted heads looked through three windows. At the same moment a sharp hissing sound interrupted the roaring below, and though the door was brown behind her now, and a tiny red point was glowing brighter in the wall near by, Miss Eleanor's strength returned at the sight of the firemen, and she stood by the side of the Imp and encouraged the children.

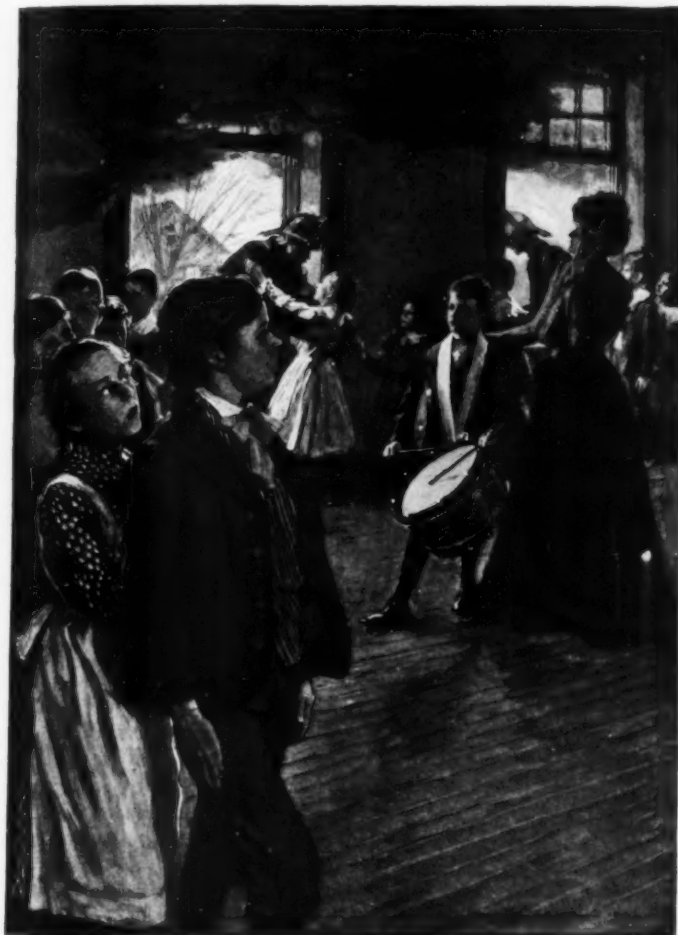
"Don't stop, Hans! Remember, little ones first! Olga's children first!"

And with a grunt of assent Hans marched on, the line following, closing up mechanically over the gaps the men made, who snatched out the children as they passed by the windows, and handed them rapidly down the long ladders. In vain the firemen tried to get the boys. They wriggled obstinately out of their grasp, as they went round, till every girl was lifted out, Olga standing by the window till the last of her charges was safe.

The door fell in with a bang, and in spite of the hose below the smoke rolled up from

between the cracks in the floor, thicker and thicker. As the plaster dropped from the walls in great blocks, Miss Eleanor dragged the line into the center of the room, and motioned

as he drummed hard with his other hand grew to rage, and he brought down his free stick with a whack on the man's knuckles. With a sharp exclamation the man let go, and the Imp pressed on, his cheeks flaming, his eyes glowing. His head was high in the air; he was panting with excitement. The line was small now: another round and there would be but a handful. The floor near the door began to sag, and the men took two at a time of the bigger boys, and left these to scramble down by themselves. With every new rescue a shout went up from below; and as Hans slipped out by himself, and two men lifted Miss Eleanor out of one window, a third meanwhile carrying out the Imp, kicking in his excitement, and actually beating the drum as it dangled before him, while a fourth man took a last look, and crying, "O. K.! All out!" ran down his ladder alone, the big crowd literally shouted with thankfulness and excitement.



THE CHILDREN ARE RESCUED WHILE THE IMP BEATS THE DRUM.

one of the men to take the Imp as he passed by. For so perfect was the order that the men never once needed to step into the room, only leaning over the sills to lift out the children. The Imp felt a strong grasp on his arm, but tried to pull away; the man insisted.

"Hurry now, hurry; let go!" he commanded gruffly. The despair in the Imp's eyes

now that somebody had taken away his drum; and he watched the blackened walls crash in without a word. His knees felt hollow and queer; Miss Eleanor had quietly fainted, and they were sprinkling her with water from the little pools where the big hose had leaked.

They took them to the station in a carriage, and the Imp sat in Miss Eleanor's lap in a

drawing-room car, and she cuddled him silently all the way home. Her father, half crazy with fear, passed them in an express going in the other direction, to find out that they were safe, and that the strike was off. The recent danger had sobered the men, and their thankfulness at their children's safety had softened them, so that their ringleaders' taunts had no effect on their determination to go back to work quietly the next day.

It was at his request that they refrained from

any more costly gift to Miss Eleanor than a big photographic group of the children, framed in plush, "as an expression of their deep gratitude for her presence of mind in keeping the children in the room away from the deadly flames beneath." But the Mill Town Drum Corps and Military Band formally presented "to Master Perry S. Stafford the drum and sticks that he used on the occasion when his bravery and coolness made them proud to call themselves his true friends and hearty well-wishers."

CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING.

NINTH ARTICLE: THE DYNAMITE-WORKER.

APPARENT CARELESSNESS IN HANDLING HIGH EXPLOSIVES—UNCERTAINTY WHETHER DYNAMITE WILL EXPLODE BY CONCUSSION—WORKMEN SUFFER FROM DYNAMITE SICKNESS—BRAVE ACT AT A NITROGLYCERIN MILL—HOW JOSHUA PLUMSTEAD DID HIS DUTY—HEROISM OF A MILLIONAIRE POWDER-MAKER.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.



EFFECT OF DYNAMITE EXPLODED UNDER WATER.

On a certain pleasant morning in June, I set out from New York to visit a dynamite-factory,

and to see, if might be, some of the men who follow this strange and hazardous business. As the train rushed along I thought of the power for good and evil that is in this wonderful agent: dynamite piercing mountains; dynamite threatening armies and blowing up great ships; a teacupful of dynamite shattering a fortress, a teaspoonful of the essence of dynamite, that is, nitroglycerin, tearing a man to atoms. What kind of fellows must they be who spend their lives making dynamite! And what sort of courage must they have! Here, indeed, it would seem, is a daily life filled with danger and with deeds of daring.

In due course I found myself back in the hill land of northern New Jersey, where everything is green and quiet, a lovely summer's retreat with nothing in external signs to suggest an industry of violence. Stop; here is a sign, though it does not seem much: two sleepy wagons lumbering along the road between these cool woods and the waving fields. Farm prod-

uce? Lumber? No. The first is loaded with a sort of yellow meal, and trails the way with yellow sprinklings. That is sulphur. They use it at the works. The second is piled up with crates, out of which come thick glass necks like the heads of imprisoned turkeys. These are carboys of nitric acid, hundreds of gallons of that terrible stuff which is so truly liquid fire that a single drop of it on a piece of board will set the wood in flames. This nitric acid mixed with innocent, sweet glycerin (it comes along the road in barrels) makes nitroglycerin, and the proper mixing of these two is the chief business of a dynamite-factory.

Farther down the road I came to a railroad track where a long freight-train was standing on a siding. Some men were busy here loading a car with clean-looking wooden boxes that might have held starch or soap, but *did* hold dynamite neatly packed in long fat sticks like huge fire-crackers. Each box bore this inscription in red letters: HIGH EXPLOSIVES. DANGEROUS. I looked along the train and saw that there were several cars closed and sealed, with a sign nailed on the outside: POWDER. HANDLE CAREFULLY.

In this case "powder" means dynamite, for the product of a dynamite-factory is always called powder. I think the men feel more comfortable when they use that milder name. There was "powder" enough on this train to wreck a city, but nobody seemed to mind. The men laughed and loitered. They might have been laying bricks, for any interest they showed.

I asked one of them if it is considered safe



"EVERYTHING WAS BLOWN TO PIECES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to haul car-loads of dynamite about the country. He said that some people consider it safe, and some do not; some railroads will carry dynamite, while others refuse it.

"Suppose a man were to shoot a rifle-ball into one of these cars," I asked, "do you think it would explode?"

This led to an argument. One of the group was positive it *would* explode. Concussion, he declared, was the thing that sets off dynamite. Another knew of experiments at the works where they had fired rifle-balls into quantities of dynamite, and had only concluded that sometimes it exploded and sometimes it did n't.

Then a third man spoke up with an air of

authority. "You've got to have a red spark," said he, "to set off dynamite. I've handled it long enough to know. Here's an experiment that's been tried: They took an old flat-car and loaded it with rocks; then they fastened a box of dynamite to the bumper, and let the car run down a steep grade, bang! into another car anchored at the bottom. And they found that the dynamite never exploded unless the bumpers were faced with iron. It did n't matter how much concussion they got with wooden bumpers, the dynamite was like that much putty; but as soon as a red spark jumped into it out of the iron, why, off she'd go."

Then he instanced various cases where powder-cars had gone through railroad wrecks without exploding, although boxes of dynamite had been smashed open and scattered about.

"How about that car of ours the other day up in central New York?" said the first man. "Everything was blown to pieces, and six lads were killed."

He smiled grimly, but the other persisted: "That collision only proves what I say. The red-hot locomotive plowed through a car of dynamite, and of course she went up. But it was n't the concussion did it; it was the sparks."

All right, the other man said, his friend could sit on a dynamite-car whenever anybody began shooting rifle-balls into it. The friend was positive it would be a safe enough place to sit, if the rifle-balls did n't strike iron.

"You say that it takes a red spark," I observed, "to set off dynamite. Do you mean that a white spark would n't do it?"

"That's what I mean," said he. "It seems queer, but it's a fact. Put a white-hot poker into a box of dynamite, and it will only burn; put in a red-hot poker, it will explode."

Pondering this remarkable statement, I continued on my way, and presently, not seeing any big building, I asked a farmer where the Atlantic Dynamite Works were. He swept the horizon with his arm, and said they were all about us; they covered hundreds of acres—little low buildings placed far apart, so that if one exploded it would n't set off the rest.

"The dynamite-magazines are along the hillside yonder," he said. "If they went up, I guess there would n't be much left of the town."

"What town?" said I.

"Why, Kenvil. That's where the dynamite-mixers live. It's over there. Quickest way to works is across this field and over the fence."

I followed this advice, and presently passed near a number of small brick buildings so very innocent-looking that I found myself saying, "What, *this* brick barn with a queer chimney blow up, or *that* little sputtering shanty wreck a town?" It seemed ridiculous. I learned afterward that I had walked through the most dangerous part of the works.

I paused at several open doors, and got a whiff of chemicals that made me understand the dynamite-sickness of which I had heard. No man can breathe the strangling fumes of nitric acid and nitrated glycerin without discomfort, and every man here *must* breathe them. They rise from vats and troughs like brownish-yellow smoke; they are in the mixing-rooms, in the packing-rooms, in the freezing-house, in the separating-house, everywhere; and they take men in the throat, and make their hearts pound strangely, and set their heads splitting with pain. Not a workman escapes the dynamite-headache; new hands are wretched with it for a fortnight, and even the well-seasoned men get a touch of it on Monday mornings after the Sunday rest.

The next strange thing that I noticed in walking about the works was that the several buildings, representing different steps in the manufacture of explosives, are united by long troughs or pipes sufficiently inclined to allow the nitroglycerin to flow by its own weight from one building to another, so that you watch the first operations in dynamite-making at the top of a slope, and the last ones at the bottom. Of course this transportation by flow is only possible for nitroglycerin while it is a liquid, and not after it has been absorbed by porous earth and has the name of dynamite and the look of moist sawdust. As dynamite it is transported between the buildings on little railroads, with horses to haul the cars.

I noted also that most of the buildings are built against a hillside or surrounded by heavy mounds of earth, so that if one of them blows up, the others may be protected against the flight of debris. Without such barricade the shattered walls and rocks would be hurled in all direc-

tions with the energy of cannon-balls, and a single explosion would probably mean the destruction of the entire works.

At one place I saw a triangular frame of timbers and iron supporting a five-hundred-pound swinging mortar, that hung down like a great gipsy kettle under its tripod. In front of this mortar was a sand-heap, and here, I learned, were made the tests of dynamite, a certain quantity of this lot or that being exploded against the sand-heap, and the mortar's swing back from the recoil giving a measure of its force. The more nitroglycerin there is in a given lot of dynamite, the farther back the mortar will swing. It should be understood that there are many different grades of dynamite, the strength of these depending upon how much nitroglycerin has been absorbed by a certain kind of porous earth.

In a little white house beyond the laboratory I found the superintendent of the works, a man of few words, accustomed to give brief orders and have them obeyed. He did not care to talk about dynamite—they never do. He did not think there was much to say, anyhow, except that people have silly notions about the danger. He had been working with dynamite now for twenty-five years, and never had an accident—that is, himself. Oh, yes; some men had been killed in his time, but not so many as in other occupations—not nearly so many as in railroading. Of course there was danger in dealing with any great force; the thing would run away with you now and then: but on the whole he regarded dynamite as a very well behaved commodity, and much slandered.

"Then you think dynamite-workers have no great need of courage?" I suggested.

"No more than others. Why should they? They work along for years, and nothing happens. They might as well be shoveling coal. And if anything does happen, it's over so quick that courage is n't much use."

Having said this, he hesitated a moment, and then, as if in a spirit of fairness, told of a certain man at the head of a nitroglycerin-mill who on one occasion *did* do a little thing that some people called brave.

He would n't give the name of this "certain man," but I fancied I could guess it.

This nitroglycerin-mill, it seems, was on the Pacific coast, whence they used to ship the dynamite on vessels that loaded right alongside the yards. One day a mixing-house exploded, and hurled burning timbers over a vessel lying near that had just received a fresh cargo. Her decks were piled with boxes of explosives—wooden boxes, which at once took fire. When this "certain man" rushed down to the dock, the situation was as bad as could be. There were tons of dynamite ready to explode, and there was a hot fire eating deeper into the wood with every second. And all the men had run for their lives!

"Well," said the superintendent, "what this man did was to grab a bucket and line, and jump on the deck. Yes, it was burning; everything was burning. But he went to work lowering the bucket overside and throwing water on the flaming boxes. After a while he put 'em out, and the dynamite did n't explode at all; but I guess it would have exploded in a very short time if he had kept away, for the wood was about burned through in several places. I know that's a true story, because, well—because I *know* it."

"Don't you call that man brave?" I asked.

The superintendent shook his head. "He was brave in that particular instance, but he might not have been brave at another time. You never can tell what a man will do in danger. It depends on how he feels or on how a thing happens to strike him. A man might act like a hero one day and like a coward another day, with exactly the same danger in both cases. There's a lot of chance in it. If that man I was telling you about had been up late the night before, or had eaten a tough piece of steak for breakfast, the chances are he would have run like the rest."

I drove over from the works to Kenvil under the escort of a tall, red-nosed man who discoursed on local matters, particularly on the prospects of his youngest son, who was eighteen years old and earned three dollars a day.

"What does he do?" I asked.

"He's a packer," said the red-nosed man.

"What does he pack?"

"Dynamite. Guess there ain't no other stuff he c'd pack an' get them wages. Jest the same,

I wish he 'd quit, specially sence the big blow-up t' other day."

"Why, what blew up?" I inquired.

"Freezing-house exploded with an all-fired big lot of nitroglycerin. Nobody knows what set her off. Reg'lar miracle there wa' n't a lot killed. Man in charge, feller named Ball, he went out to look at a water-pipe. Had n't been out the door a minute when off she went. Say, you 'd oughter seen the boys run! They tell me some of 'em jumped clean through the

We drew up at the Kenvil hotel, where a young man was sitting. Here was the modern dynamite-worker, and not at all as I had pictured him. He looked like a summer boarder who liked to take things easy and wear good clothes. Wondering much, I sat down and talked to this young man, who is, I have learned since, one of the most skilful dynamite-workers in the company's employ, and who happened at the time to be taking a day off, as it were, for my especial benefit.

"They put me at machine-packing a few days ago," he said, "and it 's made my wrist lame. Going to rest until Monday."

After some preliminaries I asked him about the process of packing dynamite, and he explained how the freshly mixed explosive is delivered at the various packing-houses in little tubs, a hundred pounds to a tub, and how they dig into it with shovels, and mold it into shape on the benches like so much butter, and ram it into funnels, and finally, with the busy tamping of rubber-shod sticks, squeeze it down into the paper shells that form the cartridges. One would say they play with concentrated death as children play with sawdust dolls, but he declared it safe enough.

"How large are the cartridges?" I asked.

"Oh, different sizes.

The smallest are about eight inches long, and the largest thirty. And they vary from one inch thick up to two and a half. I know a man



"HE WENT TO WORK THROWING WATER ON THE BURNING BOXES."

winders, sashes an' all. If ye want to know more about it, there 's my boy now; he was right near the house when it happened."

who carried one of the thirty-inch fellows all the way to Morristown in an ordinary passenger-car. He had it wrapped in a newspaper, and under his arm like a big loaf of bread. But say, he took chances all right."

At this another man informed us that people often carry nitroglycerin about with them, and take no risk, by simply pouring it into a big bottle of alcohol. Then it can do no harm; and when they want to use the explosive, they have only to evaporate the alcohol.

The talk turned to precautions taken against accidents. In all powder-mills the workmen are required to change their clothes before entering the buildings, and to put on rubber-soled shoes. There must be no bit of metal about a man's person, no iron nail or buckle, nothing that could strike fire; and of course the workman who would bring a match on the premises would be counted worse than an assassin.

"Just the same, though, matches get into the works once in a while," remarked the young packer. "I found a piece of a match one day in a tub of dynamite; it had the head on, too. Say, it's bad enough to find buttons and pebbles, but when I saw that match-head—well, it made me weak in the knees."

This brought back the old question, When does dynamite explode, and when does it not explode? I mentioned the red-spark theory.

"I think that's correct," agreed the packer. "I've watched 'em burn old dynamite-boxes, and if there are iron nails in the boxes they explode as soon as the nails get red-hot; if there are no nails they don't explode."

"You mean empty boxes?" I asked.

"Certainly; but there's nitroglycerin in the wood, lots of it. It oozes out of the dynamite, especially on a hot day, and soaks into everything. Why, I suppose there's enough nitroglycerin in the overalls I wear to blow a man into—well, I would n't want to lay 'em on an anvil and give 'em a whack with a sledge."

There was a certain novelty to me in the thought of a pair of overalls exploding; but I was soon to hear of stranger things. By this time other workmen had drawn up chairs, and were ready now with modest contributions from their own experience.

"Tell ye a queer thing," said one man. "In

that explosion the other day,—I mean the freezing-house,—a car loaded with powder (dynamite) had just passed, not a minute before the explosion. Lucky for the three men with the car, was n't it? But what gets me is how the blast, when it came, blew the harness off the horse. Yes, sir; that's what it did—clean off; and away he went galloping after the men as hard as he could leg it. Nobody touched a buckle or a strap. It was the dynamite unhitched that animal."

"Dynamite did another trick that day," put in a tall man. "It caught a bird on the wing. Dunno whether 't was a robin or a swaller, but 't was a bird, all right. Caught it in a sheet of tin blown off the roof, an' jest twisted that little bird all up as it sailed along, and when it struck the ground, there was the bird fast in a cage made in the air out of a tin roof. Alive? Yes, sir, alive; and that shows how fast dynamite does business."

So the talk ran on, with many little details of explosions. The expert explained that the air waves of a great concussion move along with crests and troughs like water waves, and the shattering effect comes only at the crests, so that all the windows might be broken in a house, say, half a mile from the explosion, and no windows be broken in a house two hundred yards nearer. The first house would have been smitten by a destructive wave crest, the second passed over by a harmless wave trough. And, by the way, when windows are broken by these blasts of concussion, it appears that they are usually broken *outward*, not inward, and that the fragments are found on the ground outside the house, not on the floors inside. The reason of this is that the concussion waves leave behind them a partial vacuum, and windows are broken by the air *inside* houses rushing out.

"How about thunder-storms?" I asked.

"There is always danger," said the expert, "and all hands hurry out of the works as soon as the lightning begins to play. If a bolt struck a lot of dynamite it would set it off."

Then he explained that the policy of dynamite manufacturers is to handle explosives in small quantities, say a ton at a time, each lot being finished and hauled away in wagons before another lot is started. This is possible



"HE KNEW THAT A SECOND EXPLOSION MIGHT COME AT ANY MOMENT."

because of the short time occupied in making dynamite. He assured me, for instance, that if there were only raw materials at the works on a certain morning when the seven-o'clock whistle blew, it would be perfectly possible to have a ton of dynamite-cartridges packed in boxes and loaded on freight-cars by nine o'clock.

While there is danger in every step of dynamite manufacture, it appears that the center of peril is in the nitrating-house, where the fresh glycerin is mixed with nitric acid, or, more correctly, is nitrated by it. This operation takes place in a great covered vat about which are many pipes and stop-cocks. A man stands

here like an engineer at the throttle, watching his thermometer and letting in fresh glycerin. These are his two duties, and upon the right performance of them depends the safety of the works. Every hour he must let in some seven hundred pounds of glycerin upon the deadly acid, and every hour he must draw off some fifteen hundred pounds of nitroglycerin and let it go splashing away in a yellowish stream down the long uncovered trough that leads to the separating-house yonder. From this separating-house runs another trough to the freezing-house, and a third to the distant mixing-house. These three troughs inclose an oblong space, on the corners of which stand the nitrating-house, the separating-house, and the freezing-house. In each one of these, at any hour of the day, is a wagon-load of pure nitroglycerin, while in the three troughs are little rivers of nitroglycerin always flow-

ing. Fancy spending ten hours a day in such a place!

The arrangement of buildings in this part of the works makes clearer what was done at the nitrating-house by a certain Joshua Plumstead in the recent explosion. Joshua is a veteran at dynamite-making. He has worked at the nitrating-vat for twenty-five years, and has probably made more nitroglycerin than any one man in the world. He has been through all the great explosions; he has seen many men killed; he has stood by time and again when his own nitrating-vat has taken fire: and yet he always comes through safely. They say there

is no man like Joshua for nerve and judgment when the demons of gas and fire begin to play.

This explosion took place at the freezing-house, which is the one place in all the works where dynamite is never expected to explode. Yet it *did* explode now, with a smashing of air and a horrible grinding underfoot that stifle all things in men but a mad desire to flee.

Joshua Plumstead was in the nitrating-house alone. His helper had fled. The roof timbers were crashing down about him. He heard the hiss of fire and the shouts of workmen running. He knew that a second explosion might come at any moment. There was danger from fire-brands and flying masses of stone and iron, danger from the open troughs, danger from the near-by houses. A shock, a spark anywhere here, might mean the end.

Plumstead kept his eyes on the long thermometer that reached up from the furious smoking mass of oil and acid. The mercury had crept up from eighty-five to ninety, and was rising still. At ninety-five he knew the nitroglycerin would take fire, probably explode, and nothing could save it. The vat was seething with a full charge. Ninety-one! He shut off the inflow of glycerin. Ninety-two! Something might be wrong with the coils of ice-cold water that chill the vat down to safety. He opened the cocks full. Crash came a beam from overhead, and narrowly missed the gearing of the agitating-blades. Were they to stop but for a single second the nitroglycerin would explode. He eased the bearings, turned on compressed air, watched the thermometer, and waited.

There was no other man but Plumstead who *did* wait that day; there was none but he whose waiting could avail anything. *He* had to fight it out alone with that ton of nitroglycerin, or run and let an explosion come far worse than the other. He fought it out; he waited, and he won. Gradually the thermometer dropped to eighty-five, to eighty, and the danger was passed.

But—well, even the superintendent admitted that Joshua did a rather fine thing here, while the workmen themselves and the people of Kenvil declare that he saved the works.

They told me of another case, where four men remained at their post in the mixing-house; but it was from a different reason. In this



"A SWIFT, HEAVY CAX WAS PLUNGING TOWARD THE OPEN DOOR." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

mixing-house stands another great vat, wherein nitroglycerin is mixed with porous earth, called dope, and becomes dynamite. Over this vat four men work continually, two with rakes, two with hoes, kneading half a ton or more of explosive dough to the proper consistency.

One day a powder-car loaded with heavy stone got loose on its track a quarter of a mile up the slope, and started down the steep grade. The tracks ran straight into the mixing-house. The switch was open, and the first thing these men knew, there was an angry clang at the switch, and then a swift, heavy car was plunging toward the open door, with every chance that it would set off twelve hundred pounds of dynamite there. Workmen outside shouted, and then stared in horror. Not a man in the mixing-house moved. All four kept their places around the vat, held tight to their rakes and hoes, and stood motionless, while the car, just missing the dynamite, hurled its mass of two tons through the back wall of the building, and spent its force against a tree-trunk. There was no explosion, and nothing happened, which was something of a miracle; but what impressed me was that these four men stood still, not from courage, but because they were frozen with fear!

During my stay at the works I heard various

stories showing what uncertainty there is as to the behavior of dynamite in the presence of fire. Workmen who handle it constantly in blasting operations say you can put fire to a stick of dynamite without danger and it will simply burn away in bluish flame. On the other hand, they admit that in every fifty or a hundred sticks there may be one where the touch of fire *will* bring explosion.

It is quite certain that this was the case in New York's recent tunnel accident near One Hundredth and Eightieth Street, and I have some facts of interest here, obtained from a workman who was in the main gallery at the time. This man heard a shout of warning, and, looking down the rock street, saw a puddle of blazing oil from one of the lamps lapping at the side of a heavy wooden box. He knew that the box was full of dynamite, and as he looked he saw the yellow oil flame turn to blue. That was enough for him, and he started to run for his life. But the blast caught him in the first step, lifted him off the ground, and bore him along, while his legs kept up the motions of running. He was running on the air.

As he was thus hurled along his knee struck a large stone between the siding and the north heading, and he fell on his face, half dazed.

The air was thick with strangling fumes, and there was a frightful din about him—yells and crashing stones.

Every lamp had been blown out, and in the utter darkness he could see the glaring eyeballs of fleeing negroes. He pressed his mouth close to the ground and found he could breathe better. He felt some one step over him, and seized a leg. The leg kicked itself free and went on. He groped about with his hands and touched an iron rail; it was the little track for hauling the dumping-cars. He



THE EXPLOSION IN THE NEW YORK CITY TUNNEL.

crept along this painfully to the siding, then down the siding to the shaft, where in the darkness he found a frantic company, wondering why, oh, why, the elevator did not come, and several men stretched on the ground, quite still or groaning quietly.

Let me conclude with the mention of a remarkable family of explosive-makers, the Duponts of Wilmington, who for generations now have had practical monopoly in this country of the powder-making business, including dynamite and nitroglycerin. In this enterprise a great fortune has accumulated, so that the Duponts of to-day are very rich men, far beyond any need of working in the mills themselves, and have been for years. Yet work in the mills they do, —all of them practically, — and direct in detail all the processes of manufacture, and face continually, day by day, in their own persons the same terrible dangers that the humblest mixer faces in his tasks.

There has grown in their hearts through the century a great pride of courage, like that of the officer who leads his men into battle—a pride far stronger than any longing for pleasure. And they cannot, if they would, leave these slow, grinding mills, where any day a spark may bring catastrophe to make the whole land shudder.

There came a day, for instance,—this was a long time ago,—when a swift flame swept through one of the mixing-rooms, nearly empty of powder at the time, yet so permeated with the stuff in floor and walls that the building

was burning fiercely in a few seconds. No man can say what started it, although it was believed that a heavy box, slid along the wooden floor, brought a flash out of the dry timbers.

At any rate, the flash came, and the blaze followed on it so swiftly that the building was wrapped in fire before the men inside could reach the door, and they presently burst out blazing themselves, for their clothing was sifted through with explosive dust. Indeed, it is always true in

fires at powder-mills that the workmen are a serious menace to the buildings by reason of their own inflammability.

So the next thing was a plunge into the placid Brandywine, which winds across the yards between willow-hung banks. In went the men; in went young Alexis Dupont; and with a little hiss their flaming garments were extinguished. Then, as they struck out into the stream, they looked back and saw that the wind was carrying a shower of sparks from the burning building to the roof of a cutting-mill near by, where tons of powder lay. For one of the sparks to reach the tiniest powder-train would mean the blowing up of this mill, and, it might be, the blowing up of another and another by concussion.

All this young Dupont realized in a single glance. Here would be an awful disaster pres-



YOUNG DUPONT WORKING TO SAVE
THE POWDER-MILL.

ently, and many lives imperiled, unless those falling firebrands could somehow be kept off that roof. To know this was to act. Millionaire or not, peril or not, it was his plain duty as a Dupont to fight those sparks; and, without a moment's wavering, he turned back and scrambled up the bank.

"Come on, boys!" he cried. "Start the bucket line." And a moment later he was climbing to the roof of the threatened mill. And there he did all that a brave man can do: he stamped out the falling embers; he dashed water again and again upon the kindling fire as the men passed up full buckets; and for a time he seemed to conquer. But presently the fire flamed hotter, the sparks came faster, and the water came not fast enough. He saw—he must have seen—that the struggle was hopeless, that the mill beneath him was doomed, that the

explosion must come soon. They called on him to save himself. He shouted back an order that they pass up more water, and keep passing water.

The men below did their best, but it was a vain effort, for in those days the roofs of powder-mills were made of pitch and cement,—not of iron, as to-day,—and by this time the fire had eaten its way nearly through. Alexis Dupont, working desperately, stood there with flames spreading all around him. It was plain to every one that the minutes of his life were numbered. Again they shouted, and—

The explosion came like an execution, and out of the wreck of it they bore away his crushed and broken body. The last thing he knew was that he had played the game out fairly to the end—he died like a Dupont, said the men.

(THE NEXT AND LAST ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES WILL BE "THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.")

A BOY OF A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

(A Historical Romance.)

BY HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

[This story was begun in the July number.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE bugle sounded through the grim castle. The courtyard was ablaze with gaily decked horses and gorgeously arrayed courtiers. All was bustle and confusion, for the king and his son Alfred were about to journey forth.

The banners fluttered in the summer breeze, and gay laughter filled the air.

Again Ethelred and Ethelbald stood apart, gazing at a brilliant scene in which they had no share. This time they stood alone, and their faces were gloomy and anxious. Great, stalwart fellows they were, looking older by far than their years warranted. Already they had borne the brunt of many a battle.

"Again are we left to guard the kingdom, while he goeth forth to safety and pleasure." Ethelbald spoke bitterly. "And in the end he will reign over what we die to save."

Ethelred looked. He saw it all, but he saw

more. He saw the bonny prince glance at him, and then hastily dismount. He saw the slow-moving cavalcade halt while Alfred ran back to where the brothers stood.

"Brothers,"—the smile had fled from the gay face,—"one word: I have not forgotten our vow." He touched the bracelet. "I go now, for our father wills it. Next time I remain to watch, and you, dear Ethelred and Ethelbald, shall go to conquer. I go—for what? Naught but to bear the king company on a weary journey. I go to see sights of desolation as well as beauty. When ye go forth it will be as mighty warriors at the head of a host."

The brothers smiled again. For a moment they had forgotten the vow!

"My Lord Harold! Dost remember that other journey?"

The knight laughed gaily.

"Ay. Thou wast but a forlorn baby then, my poor prince. A sadder little object I never saw than thou didst present that night. Crying



"BROTHERS,"—THE SMILE HAD FLED FROM THE GRAVE FACE,—"ONE WORD: I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN OUR VOW."

in thy horse's mane, thy little knees quaking in fear, and thy sobbing voice pleading for me to carry thee because thy horse might be weary. Weary, forsooth! It could have borne thee to the world's end and never felt thy feather-weight."

Alfred laughed aloud.

"Thou wast so good," he murmured. "I shall never forget." Then, lowering his voice, he added: "Dost remember what I promised thee?"

"Yea, my prince."

"Well, even if I am not the king *all* the time, the others will do as I said. I have told them. It is a covenant among us."

Harold bowed his head.

A knight might well serve these little princes who never forgot. The future looked rose-tinted indeed for my Lord Harold.

As on the other ride, he fell a-thinking. He saw a battle-field—always a battle-field. Upon that must he prove his loyalty and valor, and receive his reward from these unforgetting ones. So far could he see, but no further. God was again merciful to the light-hearted young noble.

On, on they went. The nation did them honor as they passed. Oh, but it was a triumphant march from beginning to end! But dark shadows flitted over the gorgeous scene; sights that turned the old king's face a grayer tint, that made young Alfred sick at heart, met them as they wandered on.

Time and again they came upon a desolated spot where but recently the Danish foe had laid low a monastery or retreat.

Tales of the awful cruelties which these barbarians practised reached Alfred, and turned him sick at heart.

He saw the ashes of the ruins, many of them but recently burned, and once they came upon a group of sad-faced monks who had come out of hiding, after the massacre, and were now burying the bones of their murdered companions. Alfred heard their low-chanted dirges as they worked, and wept openly.

Again, in a rude hut they discovered a little band of nuns. Their faces were horribly mutilated, and they were almost starved. Their retreat had been burned; but they, when they

heard that their brutal foe was near, had disguised themselves in the hope of escaping what would otherwise have been their fate, for, were they found beautiful, as many of them had been, they would have been taken into hideous slavery. As they knelt at the feet of their king, and sobbed out the tale of their wrongs, Ethelwulf seemed to shrink and age as all eyes beheld him.

But Alfred swore upon his lately won sword that he would redress these terrible deeds in that day when *he* should be the king.

Gifts and gold were given freely to these unfortunates. In many cases the retreats and monasteries were rebuilt, and in after years the memory of the little prince, giving priceless offerings as the tears flowed from his childish eyes, was a memory that warmed many an aged monk's heart, and drew blessings from the lips of time-worn women.

And so, in due time, they came to France, and King Charles did greatly honor his noble guests.

The scenes of misery and gloom were forgotten. Music filled the air. Brave men and beautiful women danced and laughed and sang. Alfred looked and pondered in his old, old way, and wondered why he was merely an onlooker, and not a partaker of all the fun and frolic. Sometimes it saddened him. He felt older than any one else, older, even, than the king. For, strange to say, in that land of gaiety and flowers, King Ethelwulf grew younger and merrier. Alfred heard his father's laugh, and it made him start. Not since the dear mother left them had the king laughed like that.

In all the round of great events the little prince was sometimes overlooked. Even Ethelwulf appeared to forget him. When that happened, Alfred strolled away, his hands clasped behind his back, and wondered whether he was glad or sorry to see his father so changed.

The favorite haunt of the little prince, when these gloomy moments came upon him, was in a rose-garden near the palace.

It was the most beautiful spot the boy had ever seen. Roses grew in a wild disorder that was yet the highest art. Fragrance filled the air, and birds—for they loved the spot as well as he—made music so sweet that one could but

be joyous and happy. A marble fountain was in the midst, and around it were embowered seats where one could sit and watch the silvery water splash in the great bowl, and forget everything but the perfect scene.

Sitting so one day, Alfred heard steps. He was lonely, and it was a welcome sound. He turned, and saw coming down the path a beautiful young girl. Her eyes were full of merriment, and her curls rippled about her glowing face as she tripped along. She was singing a gay little song in a sweet, clear voice, and Alfred thought her the most bewitching creature he had ever seen. As she spied him she feigned great surprise and alarm.

"T is his Majesty the King of England!" she said, making a sweeping curtsy, and hanging her lovely head.

"Nay, nay," Alfred hastily replied, quite seriously; "I am naught but the king's son, my lady."

She drew herself up at once.

"Thou dost relieve me. If thou wast the king I needs must kneel at thy feet, and my gown is but just donned. Since thou art naught but the king's son, with thy gracious permission, I will sit and chat with thee. The house is dull; all this celebration tires me, especially since I seem to be forgotten."

Alfred had been standing gazing at this brilliant young creature, and as she seated herself in his old seat, he leaned against a tree, and continued gazing at her.

"Oh, sit thee down," she laughed at last. "Even a king's son may become rude if he stare too long."

Alfred sat down opposite, and tried to turn his eyes away. But do what he would, again and again they would fix themselves upon that laughing face.

"I have but just returned from a visit. I was detained, and missed greeting thee," said the girl, at length, "and I find the castle all in commotion. Kings and their sons are very upsetting to a household."

"I am sorry, my lady. But may I ask who thou art?"

"Oh, only Judith."

"Judith?"

"Ay; I am naught but the king's daughter

—not worthy of thy notice. Just Charles's Judith."

The mocking laugh rang out above the birds' song, and was sweeter even than that.

Alfred had heard of the king's expected daughter, but it had made little impression upon him. To see her now before him, almost as young as he, merrier than he had ever been, was a sight that made him glad.

"How old art thou?" Judith asked, after gazing long at him, much to his discomfiture.

"Twelve."

"Twelve? Thou hast the serious face of a man of thirty. I am sixteen. Old and very wise, yet am I not so solemn."

Again she laughed, and Alfred blushed.

"What have they taught thee?—I mean, besides teaching thee to be a king in thy brothers' stead?"

"Naught, my lady. But I am not to be the king alone; they and I are to rule together. 'T is a covenant. They understand."

"Oh, indeed? I humbly beseech thy pardon. The world has not heard of this covenant."

"It will some day." Alfred's brows grew dark.

The girl looked at him long, and the laugh left her sweet mouth.

"I believe they have taught thee the one thing well," she murmured to herself. "But they have forgotten to teach thee to be a merry child. That, sweetheart, is better than to be a king." Her voice was infinitely tender, and her lovely eyes very soft.

Alfred drew nearer.

"But when one is just a merry child one is selfish. A king thinks of others, and does much good. It takes a long time to learn how to be a king—a good king."

"Ay, ay. Sometimes I fear me that it takes longer than one short life. See, little covenant-maker, wouldst thou enter into a compact with me? If I will teach thee to be a merry child, wilt thou teach me to be a queen?"

"A queen, my lady?" Alfred started back in surprise.

"Yea, a queen or a king, what difference? A king governs his subjects, the queen governs them *and* the king—a *good* queen, I mean."

"And wilt thou be a queen?" Alfred's tone was full of interest.

The girl looked afar over the roses, and sighed gently.

"Ay, little lad," she said at last, "I fear that I *must* be. I must forget to be a merry child; I must learn to be serious, learn to sigh and look wise, and to give sage advice. Is n't that being a queen?"

"My mother was merry. She was the only queen I ever knew. We used to play games together. Thou seest, she sometimes forgot she was a queen."

"She did?" The girl drew closer and rested her hand on Alfred's arm. "List thee, little Alfred. They say that I must go and be England's queen. At first I thought my heart

would break. That was ere I had seen thee. But now, hearken, I have much to learn and much to teach. Thou wilt teach me to be a queen, thou little king; and I will teach thee to be merry, and sometimes, in that gray old castle beyond the sea, thou and I, when none are by, will forget what we are, and we will romp and laugh, and make the grim old turrets take up the echo of our joy."

Alfred drew himself away and gazed at his companion, wonder and amaze filling his childish face.

"Queen of England!" he faltered. "Thou? Why, how canst thou? There is no queen, and my father is king."

"I am to be thy mother, my Prince Alfred!" The thought brought a laugh with it. "Thy

mother! For this came you into France, with all your pomp and splendor—just to take a little girl back to England, and change her into a homesick queen."

The bright head bowed, and the laugh ended in a sob. A long silence followed. The birds sang, the fountain splashed, the roses breathed their sweetness, and France's pretty princess wept softly because she must be a queen.

Alfred put his arm about her in his old, protecting way, and, in his wise fashion, thought many things. He thought of his mother, and, strangely, that thought made him half withdraw his arm. Then he thought of his noble father, and wondered why any one should weep who could be with him.

Lastly, he thought, oddly enough, of his first separation from home, and all that homesick suffering.

At that memory he put his arm closer about the sobbing princess, and bending over her, kissed the curls which fell upon his shoulder.

"No longer Judith art thou," he whispered, "but Leotheta.



"'QUEEN OF ENGLAND!' HE FALTERED. 'THOU? WHY, HOW CANST THOU?'"

That is thy Saxon name. Thou shalt be our queen and our mother. We will love thee always."

Judith looked up into the kind, boyish face. A great light spread over her own, and she said huskily: "They spoke not idly. In truth, thou art a king indeed. My king! For thy dear sake will I even try to be a queen, a *good* queen, little brother!"

CHAPTER VII.

AND so they journeyed back. The return was more magnificent than the going forth had been.

The old king seemed to have left years behind him, and, with eyes of interest and amusement, the childish queen sat beside Alfred, and questioned him as to what this and that meant.

When scenes of recent battle and bloodshed came before her, she shuddered and clung to Alfred or Ethelwulf.

"Oh, but my heart breaks, my lord," she would moan; and they would try and divert her by promising that, once within the kings' domain, naught distressing should offend her.

And at last they reached the castle gray. Its stern walls frowned down upon the little French queen as if they meant to warn her that once within their shelter her life was to be a serious matter. To the king and Alfred they bade a welcome home, but to Judith the welcome was lacking.

The halls were crowded with lords and ladies to do homage to the king's new wife; but all eyes were cold and unfriendly, and the poor little queen turned to Alfred.

"I freeze," she whispered. "They pierce me with their steely eyes. Give me thy hand, dear child, or I may forget and turn their coldness to horror. Suppose I danced for them, now, what thinkest thou, Alfred, would they like me better or less?"

"I pray thee, dear queen, do it not; think not of such a thing! Smile upon them, and nod thy head."

So she smiled and nodded. The women stared only the harder, but here and there a man thawed to the beauty of the bright, smiling face, and gave back a friendly glance.

For days and nights the king's castle feasted

a goodly host, then the knights went forth to renew their everlasting warfare, the unbending women went back to shiver from cold and fear in their own defended castles, and Judith began the life of queen, with Alfred for her friend and guide.

Ethelred was not at home when the travelers returned; he was leading a band far north: and Ethelbald alone greeted the party.

Judith's youth and beauty took him by storm. He had known for some time what Alfred had not known—that Ethelwulf had asked King Charles's consent to his marriage with Judith; but Ethelbald had not thought of what manner of woman the foreign princess was, and this mocking child, with her exquisite beauty, shook him quite out of his usual gloomy self.

He, too, had had his hands full during his father's absence, and had defeated the Danes in one invasion, and had so gained the gratitude of the people within the attacked quarter that they were anxious to form a little principality of their own, and have him for their leader; and Ethelbald was nothing loath. He had long fretted under Alfred's superior claims, and now he recognized a new enemy in the field.

With this girl wife, who, day by day, was creeping deeper into the old king's heart, and who had won Alfred entirely, what chances had he and Ethelred? She would sway the present sovereign, without a doubt. Already her every wish was granted. Then, if Alfred succeeded to the throne, her reign would be even more secure. He felt sure that under her smiling, childish manner she was a plotting woman. What he expected ever to have he must grasp now. Ethelred would have to deal with the ruling powers later.

So, possessed by greed and a feeling of injustice, Ethelbald planned to raise a revolt even against his own father, if need arise, and to hold the little he had wrenched from the Danes for his own. But first he would sue for it peacefully, resorting to extreme measure only should pleadings fail.

Day by day he filled his father's ears with tales of discontent from the people, all on account of the new queen. Her madcap ways were not to their sober tastes. Her childish



"ETHELBALD HAD DEFEATED THE DANES IN ONE INVASION."

plays with Alfred in the castle park gave rise to carping comments.

And the old king, whose heart glowed at the sound of the merry laugh ringing through the silent house, sighed softly, and longed for peace on any terms.

The young queen herself heard Ethelbald's tales. They made her laugh and sigh. It was none too easy learning to be a queen!

Ethelwulf was kindness itself, and his noble bearing had won her respect and liking. Alfred was a comrade who turned the hours to love and gaiety. But the others? Ah! why should they hate her, and warn the people against her? She would not harm them; she would make them joyous if she could.

"List thee, sweetheart," she whispered one night, as she and Alfred nestled on a bearskin before the fire in the great hall, and listened to the howling of the wind. "'T is a bitter night."

"Ay; and dear Ethelred is waging war on the coast. I heard my father say so. He is trying to save the people, while we sit here in comfort. I wish that I might fight beside him. I am old now."

"Oh, very!" Judith laughed. "Thy beard speaks for thy great age."

Alfred smoothed his pink cheeks, and flushed.

"But I need thee here, my prince. That other dear brother of thine is waging war within the castle walls. Yesternight he called me a plotter to the young Lord Harold. True, my lord did frown upon the surly prince; but if I am called such names, how long shall I be able to call my head my own, I pray thee? 'T is but a silly head, but 't is all I have, and I'd look odd enough without it." She sighed, then shivered as the gale swept by.

"'T is the loveliest head in all the world," vowed Alfred, earnestly as well as gallantly.

Judith waved him a kiss.

"But if it falls it will look much like any other head in a year's time. Dear heart, I pray thee, tell me how queens keep their heads?"

Alfred laughed.

"Fear not, little mother. Ethelbald but wants a bit of empire for himself. He long hath struggled for others' good. I do not wonder that he wants his own."

"Why doth he not take it, then, and be courteous?"

"But he wants what is my father's."

Then, as the wind howled and roared, Alfred told her of the long past of struggle and unequal power. He told it in the frank, guileless way that carried conviction with it, and made Judith see how innocent he had ever been in planning the doubtful position which had been his.

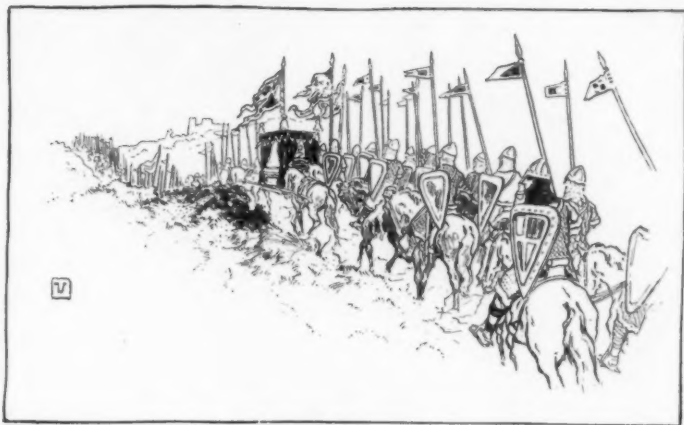
As she listened, she nodded her pretty head and smiled. She understood, and was plotting again. When the tale was finished, she sprang up suddenly and, coming to his side, took Alfred by the hand.

"Dost trust me, Prince Alfred?" she questioned, laughing into the sober face which was nearly on the level with her own.

"Yea, my sovereign," the boy replied without hesitation.

"Then follow. I have a favor to ask of the king. If it be granted, I shall feel surer of my head and of thy future. Oh, Alfred, dost thou remember the rose garden in sunny France? Sometimes, when I am tired of being queen, I wish that I were the merry girl who sang with the birds, and once more was beloved just because she *was* merry! Ah, me!"

(To be continued.)



THE GIRL IN THE WELL.

THERE is a little girl I know,
Down in our well, and, from below,
When I look in the curb to see,
That little girl smiles up at me.

And when I laugh or throw a kiss,
She does the same, that merry miss;

And when I scowled at her to-day,
She looked so fierce I ran away.

But when, sometimes, the water drips
Into her face, away she slips,
And stays away awhile, and then,
When all is still, comes back again.

A. B. P.



THE WATER-ANTELOPE.

TWO STRANGE ANIMALS.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

OF course the air belongs to the birds, and the water belongs to the fishes, and the earth belongs to the mammals; but notwithstanding this easy division of the elements among the animals, it seems as if no species was willing to stay always in the element best suited to it.

There are fish, for example, which not only fly in the air, but even take long walks overland. Birds, as everybody knows, walk on land and swim on and under water. As for mammals,

there are the whales, which live always in the water, the seals, which live most of the time in the water, the hippopotamuses, which live on land or in the water, as they please, and the flying squirrels, which fearlessly invade the air.

But besides these instances, which are so well-known that they no longer surprise us, there are others which are new and unexpected.

Who can imagine the antelope otherwise than slender of limb, graceful of movement, and fleet of foot? Why, we never think of the

creature but as timidly pricking up its ears ready for flight, or as bounding like the wind over the plain. Its whole life seems motion.

It seems quite in order for the heavy-limbed, slow-moving, large-jawed hippopotamus to be at home in the water; but for an antelope to abandon the land, and give up all that grace and fleetness which are its birthright, seems like flying in the face of nature. Nevertheless there is an antelope in Central Africa which is as ill at ease on land as a "fish out of water."

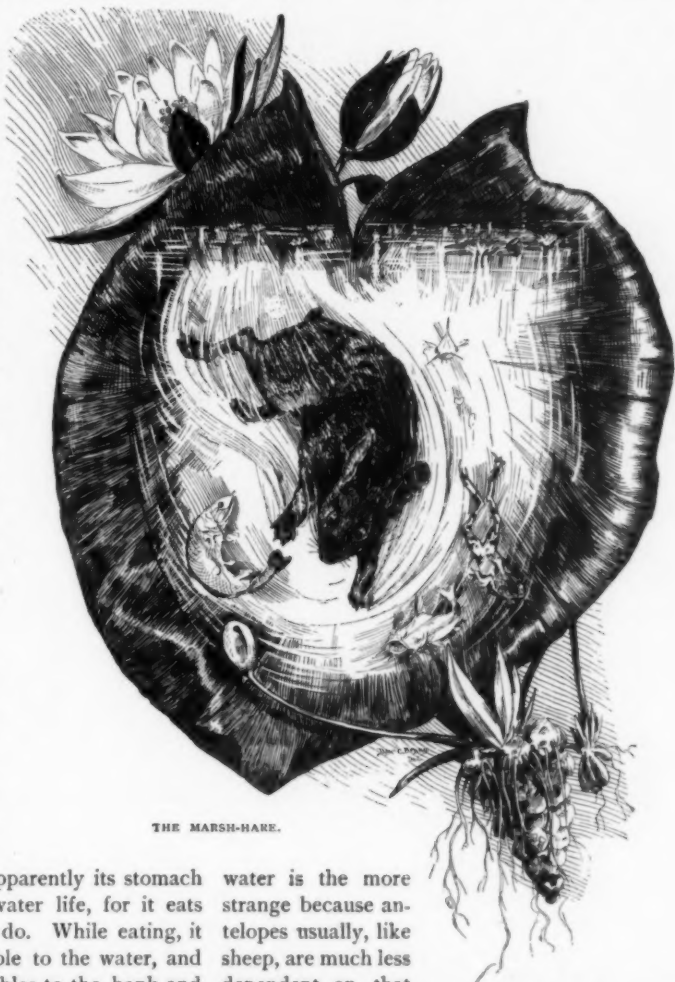
Major Serpa Pinto, a celebrated Portuguese explorer, came upon this singular animal while on his way across the continent of Africa.

The water-antelope has the appearance of an ordinary antelope that has changed in order to suit itself to its new element. Instead of the short hair of its kind, it has long hair, which, being thick and oily, prevents the water from wetting the skin. The hoofs have grown so long that they turn up, and so the creature moves about on land in a very slow and awkward manner.

In the water, however, it is swift and agile—so much so that it is almost impossible to shoot it unless it be caught on land. It would probably never go on shore at all if it were not that hunger compels it to do so. Apparently its stomach is not yet suited to a water life, for it eats grass, as other antelopes do. While eating, it remains as near as possible to the water, and at the slightest alarm hobbles to the bank and plunges headlong into the lake. It swims rapidly under water to a considerable distance, and

then slowly approaches the surface and cautiously thrusts out its nose in order to breathe. It even sleeps in the water, and then only shows a portion of the head and horns above the surface.

As it needs deep water to insure its safety, it is found almost always in the lakes; and the species is probably not very common, for Major Serpa Pinto is the first traveler to mention the animal. The liking of this antelope for the



THE MARSH-HARE.

water is the more strange because antelopes usually, like sheep, are much less dependent on that element than most other animals, being able to go for a long time without drinking.

Since we have the word of only one man to prove the existence of this antelope, we might be inclined to doubt, for even the most trustworthy traveler may be misled or deceived, were it not that we have here at home quite as odd a creature—one whose existence makes credible the existence of the water-antelope.

The marsh-hare (*Lepus palustris*) is to hares what the water-antelope is to antelopes; for it is out of place on land and quite at home in the water. Everybody connects the idea of fleetness with the hare, and most kinds of hares are very fleet; but the marsh-hare was never intended to find safety in running, for it is so slow that if found in an open field, it can easily be captured even by a slow runner. For this reason the knowing little creature seldom leaves the moist land of the marsh or swamp where it dwells. Here it is so much at home that the best of dogs are soon at fault in pursuit of it. For a dog, besides being quickly tired by running over mud, soon loses the scent, as the cunning hare plunges into and swims across every pool it comes to. At last the tired and disgusted dog is obliged to give up the chase; for when a large pool is reached, the hare plunges in and swims under water to the middle of the pool, and there, thrusting its little nose out, quietly remains until danger is past.

It is not danger alone that drives the marsh-hare into the water, however, for the duck itself does not find more pleasure in that element than this little creature. Just as a score of boys cannot come together without a game of

baseball, so, when a jolly little marsh-hare meets his comrades he immediately proposes water-tag.

"Come on, fellows!" he seems to shout; and "come on" they certainly do, for, with a rollicking rush and tumble, all leap into the water and commence diving and splashing and chasing one another as noisily as boys at recess-time. Should a man chance to come along, however, presto! the play ceases, the long ears are flattened down, and only a lot of little noses can be seen poking up out of the quiet water.

The Indians say that if you catch a grizzly bear by the tail he will not harm you, which is only a joking way of saying that he has not enough tail to catch hold of. Little *Lepus palustris* is hardly better endowed; for it has less tail than any of the hare kind, and none of them has enough to be proud of. The whole body is little more than half as long as that of the ordinary hare, its legs are short, and it is of a very sober color; so that altogether the marsh-hare is not sought for as a pet. However, it is not likely to regret its lack of attractiveness, for it does not like to be deprived of its liberty. A gentleman in South Carolina tried to tame one once, but at the first opportunity the independent little creature ran away.

The marsh-hare has a big half-brother called *Lepus aquaticus*, or the swamp-hare, which is found in Louisiana and the neighboring States; but though it is larger and handsomer, swims as well, and has a longer tail, it is not so interesting an animal as the smaller one.

A MODEL SPELLER.

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

A TEACHER whose spelling's unique
Thus wrote down the "Days of the Wique":
The first he spelt "Sonday,"
The second day, "Munday"—
And now a new teacher they seek.



AT THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S.

THE JUNIOR CUP—AFTERWARD.

(In Six Chapters.)

BY ALLEN FRENCH.

CHAPTER III.

CHESTER was correct in his conclusion that Marshall was no longer his former self. The lad was changed indeed. Still capable of strong resentments, as we have seen, he was less self-confident and more humble.

Had Ben been awake on that first night, he could have gathered much from the sounds from Marshall's bed. Marshall tossed and could not sleep, caught his head in his hands, thought of the past, and groaned. The word

"Mother!" came often from his lips, as if begging forgiveness. Then, "Why did I do it?" and, "I was mean to you, Chester." Then, finally: "I promised mother. I'll be as patient as I can."

Marshall drew a long breath, quieted himself, and began to think collectedly. His most recent experience was his mother's illness, when his expulsion from his last school, coming at a time when she was very weak, plunged her into brain-fever. He still shuddered at the thought that her death would have been through his fault.



CHESTER AND RAWSON ON TOP OF THE SUMMER-HOUSE. (SEE PAGE 1031.)

Sitting at her bedside, he had learned from her delirious speech how deeply his escapades had wounded her. One sudden cry, "Marshall, you are killing me!" rang in his ears for days. Her recovery he regarded as a reprieve, a chance given him to reform. He came to the school with a deeply rooted purpose to do better.

Then he thought of Chester, and turned in upon himself the light of frankest self-criticism. Again he shuddered. He remembered every incident at the camp, how first he had had Chester's friendship, and then lost it. That

loss and Chester's horror at him—the pure-minded boy starting away from him—had stung Marshall into a series of acts that he never could think upon without the deepest shame. Had ever one boy been so mean to another? How natural for Chester to wish revenge!

And yet how strange it was to think that Chester had made that summer a turning-point in Marshall's life! For of all the boys Marshall ever knew, no other had forced from him such unwilling admiration. Of all his enemies,—and he had had many,—none ever filled

his mind with such regrets. He carried away with him from camp the memory of Chester; he remembered in spite of himself the purity of Chester's standards; constantly he found himself criticizing his own actions in the light of what Chester would have thought. He dreaded to meet the other again, but when he saw him he realized anew how much he had lost with his friendship. His anger passed; the thought came to Marshall that this was a punishment, and a proper one, for all he had done that was bad. "I deserve it," he said aloud. "But oh, if Chester only knew that I have never been bad, never really bad, since the camp! Mischievous—yes, and fond of scrapes; but never again like that."

But if this were punishment, he told himself, he ought to bear it. If he could restrain himself from passionate outbursts, could be patient, perhaps he could show Chester that he was changed. That would be worth while, worth working for. And Marshall made his resolve. "I will hold out," he said, "so long as any one stands by me." Then, with a last thought of his mother, he turned on his side and slept.

On the following Monday the baseball squad assembled in the gymnasium. Big boys and little boys, tall and short, thin or square, some thirty in all, put on their clothes for the preliminary training. Stukeley was there, and Jeremy Taylor; Chester and Rawson, and more whom Marshall did not know. He felt that he was a mark for many glances. Thin Jeremy came and surveyed him openly. "Well!" he said, "look at that, now!"

"What?" asked Marshall.

Jeremy called Stukeley. "Look at this fellow's arms and chest," he said. "No wonder he could climb down that spout!"

Stukeley felt of Marshall as of a horse. "No wonder," he agreed. "I understand it now. You're in good training, Marshall. But were n't you a little stiff after that?"

"Oh, no." Marshall felt pleasure at their admiration. Other boys, coming closer, nudged and spoke among themselves. He heard one sentence: "I tell you, he's an athlete."

Practice began. The gymnasium instructor divided the boys into squads, and at chest-weights, dumb-bells, and the running-track they

began the work of the year. Marshall, inspired by the feeling in his favor, joined with the rest with vigor. At the end of an hour the work was finished. Stukeley called the boys together and took their names. Then he asked the positions they were trying for.

"What," said Stukeley, presently, "no pitcher? Here's Jack Bray. Pitcher, Jack? All right. Now I must have a substitute."

But no one else said "Pitcher" until the last, when Marshall's name was called. He said "Pitcher," boldly. Jack Bray turned and looked at him critically, but the rest of the boys murmured approval.

"Good," said Stukeley, decidedly. "You have an arm for it. Well, every day at the same hour for the rest of the term."

So began Marshall's school year, in some respects favorably. He possessed two elements of popularity—evident strength of character, and athletic powers. His split with Chester was not really known. Yet he thought it was, which caused him to keep to himself. And Ben was at hand, still ready to stir up trouble.

Let us be just to Ben, and recognize that his mischief-making was comparatively innocent, or, at least, that it was thoughtless. But the heedless maker of trouble is often more hurtful than the deliberate, and this Ben should have known. A greedy devourer of novels, delighting in the old-style stories crammed full of villains, Ben of all boys ought to have been familiar with the results of prying into private matters. And Ben should have considered that he brought to his pursuit trained faculties which other boys did not possess. Sent into the world with a genius for acting, he was constantly playing little parts all by himself, going around with his head in a cloud, enacting mysterious dramas. He had so often invited ridicule, in the school and out, that he had learned to accommodate himself to circumstances and to conceal his pastimes from other boys. With such a skill as this he had Marshall, who was quite unused to him, completely at his mercy.

Thus, in the character of the Benevolent Friend, he welcomed Marshall on his first return from the baseball practice. "Aha, my boy," he cried, in literary phrase, "how went

the day?" He listened to Marshall's account of the work, and nodded his head at the conclusion. "All goes well," he said wisely. "We shall be able to disregard Chester's latest insinuations."

Marshall cried at once: "What, has he been saying anything more?"

And Ben answered, as one who would shield another from unpleasantness: "Oh, nothing to speak of."

Ben could do this so well that sometimes he could deceive those who were well used to him. Marshall was new to it. He went silently and got out his books.

For a while he sat thinking, unable to fix his mind upon his work. He saw in daylight the difficulty of what had seemed easy in the dark. He had felt the pleasure of being with the other boys, of sharing their pursuits and working with them for the same object. It was harder to be cut off from them than it seemed that other night; Chester had less justification for revenge. And if Chester kept on speaking against him, it would be difficult to bear it long. But at the present there was nothing to do, and with the sensitiveness of a boy who had many times failed, Marshall determined to withdraw into himself. It was a hard conclusion to arrive at; he was sociable, and loved good times. But he saw no other thing to do, and at last he braced himself firmly, refused to think again either of the past or of the future, and resolved to work as for his life. While Ben sat reading the "Mysteries of Udolpho," Marshall began on his lessons in earnest.

From that day he followed his routine. In so doing he was accomplishing more than ever before in his life. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." For the first time in his life Marshall was ruling himself.

He had never cared for books; he had never bound himself to regular hours; he had never, among boys, submitted to authority. But now he studied his lessons—not without groans, but he studied them; now he was punctual at his classes and observant of all the school rules; and now he was Stukeley's loyal and obedient servant, submitting as patiently as any of the others to the drudgery of training.

It was hard for Marshall. To fix his attention, day after day, upon things he had always despised, was a severe test of his purpose. Even to follow the slow and mechanical evolutions of the baseball squad required self-control. But he stuck to his tasks, whether lessons or drill. His reward came when finally he worked himself into some enjoyment of his gymnasium work, and when his mother, receiving the report of his studies for the first month, wrote to praise him.

One thing surprised him—that Chester was steadily kind. For when Rawson, himself angry enough, brought away from Marshall's room Chester boiling with rage, the two had the wisdom to shut themselves in their own study and wait till their feelings cooled. Rawson was the first to say, "We promised his mother," and Chester, after a full minute's pause, "Then we'll keep the promise!"

Therefore, according to agreement, and with Mrs. Moore in their minds, they spoke to him always pleasantly, and did no more than to avoid provoking another outburst against them, which if it were public they knew would injure him. For their position was secure in the school, Marshall's was yet to be won, and anything he said against them would be to his own hurt.

Mr. Holmes questioned Chester one day. "Marshall, I see, does not let you be very intimate with him," he remarked. "Does he still have a prejudice against you?"

Chester wondered at the master's keenness in noticing so small a matter among so many boys. "Yes, sir," he answered regretfully; "I am afraid he does. But Rawson and I are doing our best, sir."

Mr. Holmes knew of Marshall's work in class and training, and was satisfied. "Well," he said, "keep on trying. The signs are good. Remember, Chester, it is a fight worth winning." Chester went and reported the words to Rawson, to the great encouragement of them both.

Marshall, in the meanwhile, had one little controversy with his room-mate. Ben, one day, with great secrecy, showed Marshall a package of cigarettes. "If you take a stroll with me after dark," he said, "we can have a smoke."

Marshall regarded him steadily. "See here, Ben," he said. "I've smoked a hundred times. I've broken the rule against smoking in half a dozen schools. Every time I've got caught, and punished. It does n't pay, Ben."

Ben was crestfallen. "But it's such fun," he said.

Marshall had a new feeling and new thoughts. "I don't think it's fun, Ben," he said slowly. "It's against the rule in every school I ever heard of; therefore it looks as if the rule were good. And let me tell you this: in other schools I did it sometimes to spite the masters; but here, where Mr. Holmes trusts us and the masters are n't spying every minute, I don't see the fun in deceiving them. We're upon honor; we hurt our own selves if we prove we can't be trusted. Put away the cigarettes."

Ben put them away on that occasion, but he used them later. Marshall smelled tobacco in his clothes one day. "You've been smoking, Ben," he said.

"Well, if I have?" demanded Ben.

"You won't learn by my experience?" asked Marshall. "Well, go ahead and learn by your own." It would have been well for Marshall if Ben's manner of learning had not involved his room-mate in trouble.

Time passed along. The baseball squad was sifted down to eighteen members. Then Stukeley called them together one day after gymnasium, and announced that on the morrow the training-table would begin. He stated the rules briefly: "After this it's to be understood that we're on strict training. We're to eat only what they give us at the table. No soda nor drinks are to be bought at the store. Of course no beer nor spirits, and no smoking. And though nothing of the sort will happen, any boy breaking the rules will be sent away from the table and will lose his chance of the nine."

The next day the training-table was set in the dining-room. The picked boys sat at it and were served with special food. Marshall, as he took his place with the rest, felt happy.

A few days afterward, the ground being clear of snow, outdoor practice began. Then it came out, of course—the various assignments that Stukeley had arranged for the boys.

He himself was catcher. The bases went to First Class boys. Jeremy was to play in the field. Of members of the Second Class, Rawson was short-stop, Chester was left-field. Right-field was not yet settled. But as for pitcher, Stukeley put Marshall there in the first practice-game, saying, "We'll try you." Jack Bray pitched on the second nine, but Marshall had no fear of him.

He had never been beaten in any competition—never except once. Whenever he thought of that time his ears tingled; whenever he saw Chester Fiske he thought of it. But Chester, in that great race so long ago, had not beaten Marshall—not Chester alone. Marshall's conscience had beaten him. On sudden temptation he had done an unworthy thing. His heart had failed him at the thought of it; he had left the field almost fainting. But now, in a fair struggle, he meant to win. And he pitched so well, studied his art so earnestly, trained so steadily, that the hope of Stonefield centered on him for the great game against the Woodstock School. For of all the positions, that of pitcher is perhaps the most important.

So more days passed, and life grew brighter, happier, and easier for Marshall. But one evening, when he went to his room, Ben greeted him with a piece of news that took him off his feet. "Stukeley is going away!"

"Going away?" repeated Marshall, in astonishment.

"Yes. His father has failed; Stukeley must leave the school. And what do you think? Chester is to be captain in his place!"

"How do you know?" demanded Marshall, with a sinking of the heart.

"Oh, I heard," answered Ben. He did not say he *overheard*. "Now, Marshall, how about your pitching on the nine? Chester's very chummy with Jack Bray."

When, on the following day, Stukeley went away, having persuaded the team to elect Chester captain in his place, and when Marshall on that very afternoon found himself playing second base on the second nine, Ben's forebodings seemed to have come true.

"There," said Ben to Marshall, as he came in after practice. "There! I told you so!"

CHAPTER IV.

"If you don't beat Woodstock this year," Stukeley had said to the team, when he left, "don't let me ever see one of you again. Three years running they've beaten us now. I meant to give them one good drubbing before I graduated. You must do it for me."

"I would shake the teams up for a few days," had been Stukeley's parting advice to the new captain. "Change the positions about. The boys will get stale, especially Marshall. He's been using his arm too much. Don't let him pitch again till next week." Chester, busy with many things, neglected to inform Marshall of the reason of the change. This was the real beginning of Marshall's troubles.

They followed closely on. In the first game with an outside team, one from a city school, Marshall pitched indeed, but not to his satisfaction. The game was lost; he had been batted heavily. Chester laughed when it was over. "Don't you care, Marshall. They were too much for us, anyway. It was n't your fault. They were all older than we." But Marshall saw that Chester was really disappointed in losing his first game. He had caught faultlessly, but Marshall could not forget his own two wild pitches. He dreamed of them that night, and awoke in a tremor as he imagined a steady stream of runners, passing from third to home.

Something more real came next day. As Marshall was going to the store for shoelacings, Ben, from his customary position on the window-seat, asked him a favor. "Buy me some cigarettes," he said.

"Look here, Ben," said Marshall; "do you expect me to buy your tobacco for you, when I don't approve of your smoking?"

"You need n't be so smart," answered Ben. "Mr. Hunnewell asked me to get some for him to use this evening."

Now, Mr. Hunnewell was the English teacher, and a special protector of Ben's. His friendship for Ben was known to the school, as was also known his fondness for tobacco. It did not seem so very unnatural, therefore, that he should have made such a request of Ben. Marshall, not realizing that a master would

never have asked such a thing of a boy, and overlooking one other smaller matter, was satisfied. "All right," he said, and went away on his two errands.

Now, the store was a place of many nooks and corners, and a boy who went there for forbidden things was wise to make sure who was there before he stated his wishes. When Marshall boldly asked for the cigarettes, the storekeeper indicated caution, spoke in a low tone, and gave him his package hastily. Marshall, who saw no one, and would not have done differently if he had, smiled and left the shop. But he had not gone half-way on his return when he heard his name called, and turning, was confronted by Chester and Rawson.

Both had been hurrying, and were short of breath and pale. Marshall saw that their changed appearance was from excitement as well as exertion. He thought of the cigarettes in his pocket, and grew pale himself. "Well?" he demanded.

Rawson left the matter to Chester. Chester hesitated before he spoke. But he said finally: "We were in the store when you bought the cigarettes. We could n't help hearing."

Marshall was still sore from his recent failure to win the game. "Well?" he asked again.

"I think," said Chester, mildly, "that you'd do better to give those cigarettes to me."

Marshall drew them from his pocket and handed them to Chester. "What will you do with them?" he asked.

There was in his voice a challenge to destroy them. Chester was no boy to fail in his duty. Just beyond the road ran a brook, and he tossed the package in. "They are best there," he said, and waited for what Marshall would say.

Marshall still eyed him quietly. "What did you do that for?" he inquired.

"Oh, Marshall," said Chester, reproachfully, "when you are a member of the nine!"

Marshall's anger began to burn. "I know too much," he said, "to suppose that I'll ever be a member of the nine."

"What do you mean?" demanded Chester, quickly.

"Oh, Marshall!" cried Rawson. "Shame!"

"And besides," went on Marshall, unyield-

ing, "those cigarettes were not for me, but for somebody else."

The others were taken aback. They looked at each other. "But if you were bringing tobacco into the school—" began Chester.

"You had no business to interfere with me, if I was."

"For another boy," Chester went on weakly. He saw that he had done wrong.

"It was not for another boy," cried Marshall. "Now what will you say? It was for a master."

They stared at him, unbelieving, all their suspicions again aroused. He saw, and flushed.

"It was for Mr. Hunnewell," he said.

"Oh!" cried Rawson. "Oh! Mr. Hunnewell never smokes cigarettes. Why, he's said to the boys, 'Smoke a pipe if you must smoke, but never cigarettes!'"

Marshall knew that it was true. He had heard the words himself. This was the smaller matter which he had forgotten. His mouth opened, but he could utter no sound. Dismay came into his face. Quickly he turned and left them. He knew that they stood still in the same place, and he felt that they believed him a liar.

"Well," said Rawson, presently, in a low voice, "how can we help him if he acts so?"

"Wait," answered Chester. "Sit down here." They sat on the wall by the brook, watching Marshall's hurrying figure. "Rawson," Chester said again presently, "there is something queer in this—"

"Decidedly queer!" interrupted Rawson.

"Let me finish. I am inclined to think that Marshall believed those cigarettes were for Mr. Hunnewell."

"Oh, come now!" Rawson looked at Chester, who, still watching Marshall, was thoughtfully tapping the ground with his foot. Such charity was astonishing. "You don't mean it?"

"I do," answered his chum. "When he said the tobacco was for a master, he meant it. And I was frightened then, I can tell you, at interfering where I had no business."

"Yes," admitted Rawson, doubtfully.

"So we'd better forget this matter. And as soon as I see Marshall I shall beg his pardon."

But Marshall, almost desperate, went straight to Ben. "Ben!" he cried, and his room-mate was startled at his face. "Did you really want those cigarettes for Mr. Hunnewell?"

Ben was frightened enough to tell the truth.

"No," he stammered.

"For yourself, then?"

"Why—yes."

"Then," and Marshall sat down and dropped his face in his hands, "you have got me into trouble."

"Why, I did n't expect you would believe me; I winked." Ben almost wailed. He asked what was the matter. Marshall would say nothing. "Oh, oh!" cried Ben, and in tragic despair he wrung his hands.

Marshall waited in silence. He expected Chester to come soon and say: "You are dropped from the training-table." He could not shield himself by naming Ben; one can no more tell on a boy to another than to a master. Sure enough, there was a knock at the door, and Chester entered.

Marshall shivered, and stood up. Chester hesitated on seeing Ben. Marshall spoke: "Well, I'll go."

"Where?" asked Chester. Ben listened open-mouthed.

"Back to the Second Class table."

"Nonsense!" and Chester smiled. "I came to say I'm sorry I was so hasty, and to pay you for the cigarettes."

"What!" cried Marshall.

"You will excuse me, won't you, Marshall? And here is the money." Chester laid it upon the table. He wished to say more. This was his opportunity to explain everything, to become friends. Both boys were deeply moved. It was the opportunity—if gaping Ben had not been there. Chester said nothing but "Good day," and went away.

"Well, upon my soul!" cried Ben, as soon as the door had closed. "What has he to do, I'd like to know, with you or my cigarettes? He took them, did he?" Ben was injured. "He'd better ask pardon. Why did n't he give them back? What did you give them up for?"

"I can't tell you," answered Marshall. Ben teased and begged, but got no answer, till he was wild with curiosity. Then he grew cross.

"Well," he said sulkily, "you are easy on Chester, but I'll tell you what, he is n't easy on you. You don't tell things, but he does!"

He again left Marshall in pain.

But Ben, aside from all the trouble he was making for Marshall, gave him good times of another sort, and actually won his affection. Ben was, in truth, a delightful fellow. He could play on the harmonica, could sing to the banjo—and songs, as well, of his own making. Boys often came to the room to "get Ben going," when jokes, comic songs, or absurdly extravagant stories would keep the room in laughter. Ben was a generous boy, too. Mr. Hunnewell was proud of him; the masters joked with him; and Jeremy demanded once a month a contribution to the school paper, which was considered by the school incomplete if not graced by something signed "B. F." Ben's particular weaknesses, therefore, of curiosity, pretense, and "manliness," were easy to be overlooked in the good companion. Yet the last of these faults was the next thing that brought Marshall into trouble.

Ben waited for his room-mate one day after baseball practice. "Come on," he said. "Let's take a walk. Let's go down to the village." So Marshall and he went off together.

They passed through the village, and came to a path that led down into the valley of a little stream. Ben was about to enter upon it, but Marshall stopped. "Is n't this out of bounds?" he asked. "We'll be punished if we're caught."

"Oh, no," answered Ben. "Come on. See how lovely it is down here." It did look lovely below among the trees, and they went on. The path followed the stream, and the arching trees that overhung, the sunbeams that streamed through the fresh foliage of the spring, were wonderful to Marshall's eyes. He lingered, but Ben urged him forward. "Oh, come on," said Ben. "I'll show you something. There, see that?"

Before them, in a dell among mosses, stood a little mill, so old and weather-beaten that it seemed like a growth of the place. Water was rushing down a sluice, a great green wheel

was turning, and the sound, the color, and the shadowed place, all were beautiful. "Come on," said Ben, and dragged Marshall to the door.

They entered the mill, open like a barn, and Marshall took his stand above the mill-race to watch the rushing water. A man came to answer Ben's call, and stood surveying the two boys.

Ben said something to him quietly.

"You don't want," said the man, "the stuff I keep—mere boys like you!"

"Indeed!" answered Ben. "That's my business, if you please. A glass at once, and here's a quarter for it."

The man grumbled. "I don't know if I'm justified in selling it to you." But he took the money and went away, presently returning with a glass of amber-colored liquid in his hand. "Here," he said, "if you think you can venture to drink it."

Ben received it haughtily. "That's all right," he said, and the man went away.

Marshall turned. "Ben," he asked, sniffing, "what's that?"

"That?" responded Ben. "Oh, that's apple-jack."

Marshall reached and took the glass. The smell of it was unmistakable. "That is whisky!" he declared.

Ben admitted it. "The man is a miller," he said. "He makes whisky of the corn. I want to see what it's like." (Curiosity again.) "I heard some one say it was the finest—oh, Marshall, don't!"

Marshall was holding the glass over the sluice. "This is the best place for it," he said. "Give it back!" cried Ben, angrily. "I've paid for it."

Marshall unwillingly held his hand.

"Have some yourself," tempted Ben.

"And I on the nine!" retorted Marshall.

"But, Ben, you must n't drink this full strength; it will be too much for you. Pour out some, and fill up with water."

"Well," agreed Ben, "pour out some. I'll fetch a dipper for the water."

He went away, and Marshall poured a generous portion of the whisky into the sluice. Then, as he stood waiting for Ben, he lifted

the glass to his face, and drew in the odor. He did not know that at that moment both fate and the warder-off of fate were coming toward him.

That afternoon it had happened that the two cronies, Chester and Rawson, had climbed to the top of the hill that stood within the school grounds. Upon its summit stood a summer-house whence one could see the view; but no school-boy in years had been content with that. The proper thing was to climb to its roof; and there Chester and his friend sat, holding to the flagpole, and rejoicing in the fact that they could see everything that went on within a mile. Near the school buildings the other boys looked small; farther away, in the village, the people were like dolls. The two watched Ben and Marshall as they wandered along the street. Then they saw them hesitate at the opening of the path. "That's out of bounds," said Rawson.

But boys, when mischievous, sometimes intentionally strayed; the two on the summer-house were not shocked as the two in the valley disappeared in the path. They turned their eyes again to the village street, watching the idlers there, and thought no more of the others until they saw Mr. Holmes, with a quick step, go through the village and in his turn disappear in the path. Then they stared at each other. The path had but one ending; Marshall and Ben would be caught!

"Can't we warn them?" cried Rawson.

"I can try," answered Chester, promptly. He thought only of Marshall as he slipped to the ground and dashed down the hill. Rawson stayed; he could not keep up with Chester.

The way was all downhill; Chester had never run so fast in his life. He took the shortest way across the fields; the pasture grass was firm to his feet, and he met no obstacles until he plunged into the wood at a point beyond the opening of the path. There, slipping, sliding, leaping, he made as straight

as possible for the mill. He had but the thought to warn Marshall and save him the loss of a fortnight's recess. When he saw the mill before him he paused and looked back along the path. At a distance was Mr. Holmes, now lingering, like Marshall, above the brook. Chester took advantage of a thicket and dodged into the mill.

There before him was Marshall—but doing what? Chester saw the liquid in the glass, and remembered what he had recently heard of the making of whisky at the mill. The odor in the air was unmistakable. And Marshall, when he saw Chester, started, and put down the glass.

Chester's face was strained, but, as in duty bound, he gave his warning: "Marshall, Mr. Holmes is coming. Run!"

They heard the sound of running feet. Ben had seen Mr. Holmes and fled. Marshall did not understand. "Why—" he began.

"This is out of bounds," said Chester, impatiently. "I saw you from the summer-house. Marshall, go!"

Surprised though Marshall was, he took the advice, and Chester followed him. Their darting figures left one door before Mr. Holmes entered at the other. Mr. Holmes came to arrange, and did arrange, a bargain by which the man agreed, for an annual payment, to sell no whisky to any member of the school. The man said nothing of the boys, and the fugitives got away safely.

Climbing wearily, Chester went back to Rawson on the hillside. "Were you in time?" asked Rawson, eagerly.

"Just."

"Then you've done something for him, at any rate," said Rawson, with pleasure.

But Chester wished he had not gone. He supposed he had found Marshall drinking whisky, the most serious fault that a member of the nine could commit, for which he should be dropped from the team.

Chester was captain. What was he to do?

(To be continued.)

BOOKS AND READING.

SUMMER READING.

DURING the really hot days, the days when your whole mind is taken up with the idea of keeping cool, do not feel obliged to read improving books—or, in fact, any kind of books at all. There is nothing more comfortable in friendship than the permission to sit together in quiet without any need of making conversation. There is a time for talk and a time for silence, and the truly tactful friend is that one who knows when to leave you in peace and quietness. Books may be the best of friends, but in order that they may be such, do not force them to "talk" to you at times when you are in no fit state to hear their words, and to profit by them. If for light recreation you choose reading, let the books chosen be those adapted for your state of mind. Good books are worthy of the consideration shown in choosing them according to your mood, and theirs.

INTRODUCTIONS.

It is natural for all of us to think that others will find pleasure in what has delighted ourselves. With this thought we often recommend books to our friends without due reflection. We do not stop to consider whether the acquaintance will be agreeable. The mere mention of a book to a friend can do no harm; but to urge a favorite volume upon another reader is to take a responsibility, especially if the urging be followed by a persistent inquiry whether the book has been read and enjoyed. Such inquiry may put our friend in the embarrassing dilemma of either despising our advice, or of taking it and finding it not good.

Is n't it wiser to make our introductions—whether of friends or of books—less insistent?

BOOKS THAT MUST BE READ.

THERE are certain classics so well known and so well established that references to them are constantly made, and an acquaintance with them is taken for granted among all well-educated persons. Reading other books with understanding is impossible unless we know

these. First among such—even without considering its religious character—comes the authorized version of the English Bible. Its phrases and its language, its ways of thought, its metaphors, similes, stories, proverbs, parables, meet us everywhere. A follower of Mohammed, if educated in America and England, would be forced to acquaint himself with the Bible in order to appreciate much that he read or heard. Shakspeare's plays, of course, though to a less extent, likewise contribute parts of nearly all English literature. "Pilgrim's Progress," though less often quoted than formerly, yet remains the source of many characters that must be met and understood by the well-equipped reader. "Paradise Lost," too, will fully repay the time spent upon its twelve books, and should not be neglected through the mistaken idea that it is not interesting to a modern boy or girl.

But these are given only as illustrations. We all know the books that form the treasury from which minor books have enriched themselves, the schools in which other writers learn their art. Do not let foolish remarks about "dull classics" keep you from forming your own opinion about these tried friends.

"TREASURIES OF KNOWLEDGE."

How many of you know that excellent little series of books originally edited by Samuel Maunders, and known as "The Treasury of Natural History," "The Treasury of Biography," and so on? They are well edited, and form an interesting little library of general information. They have been brought down to date, from time to time, and are particularly adapted to young readers, since they are simply written, and contain shorter and less pretentious articles than those usually found in encyclopedias.

READING TOGETHER.

Two friends can often find an added pleasure in reading by taking two copies of a book and going through it during the same time. Let each take notes, and write an account of the

things that impress him or her in the book—say, in each chapter. When each has finished, let the notes taken be compared and discussed. Often it will be found that the readers have been most impressed by entirely different features of the work. The two may take very opposite views of the same occurrence described, and may reach different conclusions as to the book's value.

There is no reason why more than two readers should not try a similar plan; but it is well to choose a book that will repay the care necessary in such close reading.

An account of such an experiment (if not too long!) might be found interesting if shown to readers of this department.

IN THE COUNTRY. THERE is no end to the interesting old books you may find during your visit to country libraries. Usually it is well worth while to examine the local histories of small towns, in the hope of coming upon incidents not elsewhere recorded. Under the guidance of the "town clerk," if there be such an official, you may also look into the early records. Not all such old documents have been brought to light, though the recent interest in colonial history has left fewer opportunities than would have offered themselves to young antiquaries some years ago.

MAGAZINES. If you do not bind old magazines, you may at least desire to save certain articles treating of subjects that especially appeal to you. When you have collected a number upon related topics, send these to the binder, and you will have made a book well worth preserving, and a book which will have a personal value, since the selection and grouping are entirely your own work.

A BOOK-MARK. PERHAPS not every one of us remembers that the corner of an envelope (an old one will do) makes the best of book-mark, since it readily stays in place, does not injure the book, and makes it easy to find your place at a glance. Clip off the corner of the envelope, and then fit it to the right-hand upper corner of the page you are reading. This, will be found especially good in the case of borrowed books, which must be kept neat and unmarred.

LISTS OF NEWER BOOKS.

WE have published in this department a number of lists of chosen books for young readers. But these lists have contained mainly well-known titles and included volumes published during many years. We should like to hear from young readers about more recent works, say those that have appeared during the last two or three years. Let us know what is worth reading in your opinion, so that other boys and girls may not lose sight of anything both good and new. So many books appear every year, only to be pushed aside by the newest, that there is danger that really excellent work has been overlooked. Do not include anything that you have not found worthy of notice. The object is to secure readers for deserving books, even if they are new and not yet recognized as standard.

We do not mean to exclude the older readers from this worthy work, and we should be grateful if the parents, teachers, and librarians would help to make up a really useful record. The space in this department is limited, but we shall try to make room for the best letters we receive. September brings the promise of cooler days, and sees the beginning of school work. To be useful during the coming winter, lists should be sent in promptly.

YOUR OWN LIBRARY.

THERE must be among the readers of this department many who take pleasure in keeping their books together, in arranging and caring for them. Let us hear from those who can make suggestions of plans that may prove useful to other boys and girls. Tell us whether you catalogue your books, whether you number them, whether you have a book-plate, how you mark them. The grouping of various kinds of volumes and their classification is another subject sure to interest book-lovers. Do you have shelves of your own, or use a part of the family bookcases?

Among the thousands of children who are book-owners there must be many who can find something to tell about their book-treasures.

Possibly a list of the books you own will contain some good suggestions to aid other young readers in selecting additions to their stock of literary ammunition.

NATURE AND SCIENCE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

"The sultry summer past, September comes;
Soft twilight of the slow declining year."

SOME SMALL AND INTERESTING PROBOSCIDES.

We all are familiar with the long, flexible extension of the elephant's nose, through which the animal breathes, and by which it lifts food to its mouth.



SMALL VIEW OF THE ELEPHANT'S LARGE PROBOSCIS.

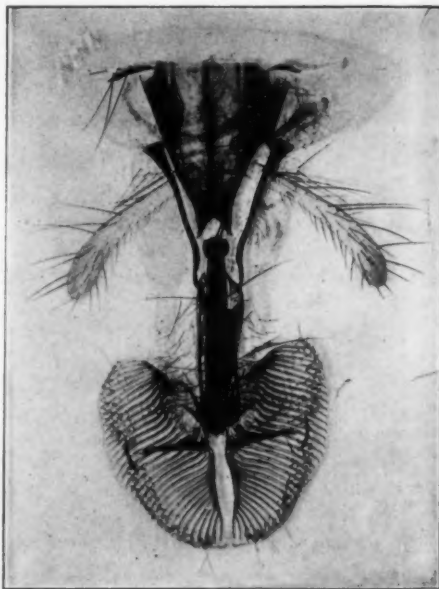
This we often call a "trunk." The word, in this sense, has been obtained from the French *trompe*, a trumpet. A much more accurate and expressive term is proboscis, from two Greek words that mean "feeding before." That is exactly what it is; not a

trumpet, but an organ on the forward part of the head, to assist in feeding. We have often seen the huge, swaying elephant in the tent writhing his proboscis before and over his head and feeding himself on hay. Occasionally he pulls up bits of turf or picks up wisps of hay and throws them over his head to keep away the flies.

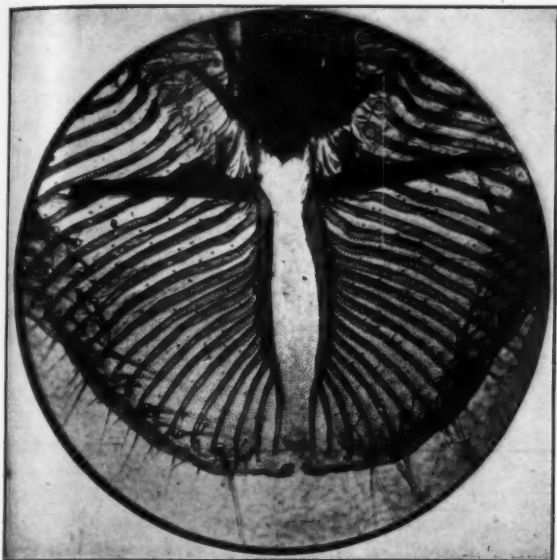
Each of these flies, like those which we are familiar with elsewhere, has a proboscis that is used for conveying food. The proboscid of flies, butterflies, bees, and of some other insects are considered by many persons as far more intricate in structure and more wonderful in use than are those of elephants. The results in

all cases are the same, that is, the conveyance of food for the use of the animal, large or small; but the structure and methods of these smaller proboscid are much different from the larger one of the elephant.

The elephant breathes through his proboscis, thus giving it a nose use. With it he lifts food to his mouth as you would do with your hand. He also draws water into the proboscis and



GREATLY ENLARGED VIEW OF THE FLY'S "TONGUE," OR PROBOSCIS.



GREATLY MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE TIP OF THE FLY'S
"TONGUE," OR PROBOSCIS.

blows it out, which is a sort of squirt-gun use.

The insect does not breathe through its proboscis, but through tiny holes called spiracles, placed in a row along each side of the body.

What increases our interest in the elephant and his curious "trunk" is the great size of the animal. Let us suppose that he appeared much smaller to us than he really is, as objects do when we look at them through an opera-glass with the big lenses next to our eyes and the small lenses toward the object. Then suppose that we have much enlarged views of the "tongues" (proboscides) of the insects. In such a small view of the big elephant, and such a greatly enlarged view of the small insects, we should readily see how important a part of our interest in the proboscis of the big animal is the greater size. When all things are taken into consideration, we would all admit, I think, that in structure and mode of use these smaller proboscides are at least as wonderful as is the trunk of the elephant, if not more remarkable.

In watching the elephant, even the youngest boy or girl would not mistake the proboscis for a tongue, for the tongue is in the mouth, as usual. In insects, the relations of the parts are

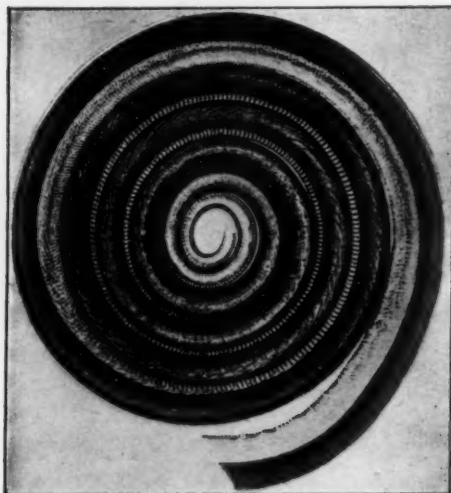
not so easily seen, and it is for this reason that we often incorrectly speak of the "tongue" of the butterfly or moth. A butterfly's proboscis was seen uncoiled on the finger, in the picture "Feeding a Pet Butterfly," on page 369 of Nature and Science for February. A proboscis of the hawk-moth is shown in the illustration at the bottom of the next page, as it ordinarily appears in the act of uncoiling from the moth's head. A magnified view of it when coiled is also shown.

This proboscis, which scientific people call a *haustellum* (an adopted Latin word meaning a drinking-sucking apparatus), when not in use is coiled up like a watch-spring. It is an extremely beautiful object when magnified by a microscope, owing largely to a peculiar banded arrangement of the muscles and tis-

sues of the proboscis. These muscles uncoil and direct the graceful and interesting organ. The nectar deep in the flower is taken up with great rapidity through this very wonderful tube, the length of which, in different kinds of butterflies and moths, varies greatly.



PECULIAR DOUBLE-"GLOVED" FORM OF THE DRONE-FLY'S
"TONGUE," OR PROBOSCIS.



GREATLY MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE HAWK-MOTH'S
"TONGUE," OR PROBOSCIS, OR HAUSTELLUM.

The nectar is drawn up by the alternate opening and closing of the "sucking-stomach" (or "pharyngeal sac," as grown-up observers call it) within the body.

There is an interesting difference between the action of the muscles in the butterfly's proboscis and in that of the elephant. With the butterfly, the muscles uncoil and direct the proboscis; they do not coil it, nor hold it coiled. The coiling takes place naturally and spontaneously by the spring-like character of the tissue itself. In interesting contrast, when the muscles of the elephant's trunk are not acting, the trunk hangs straight, not tending to coil.

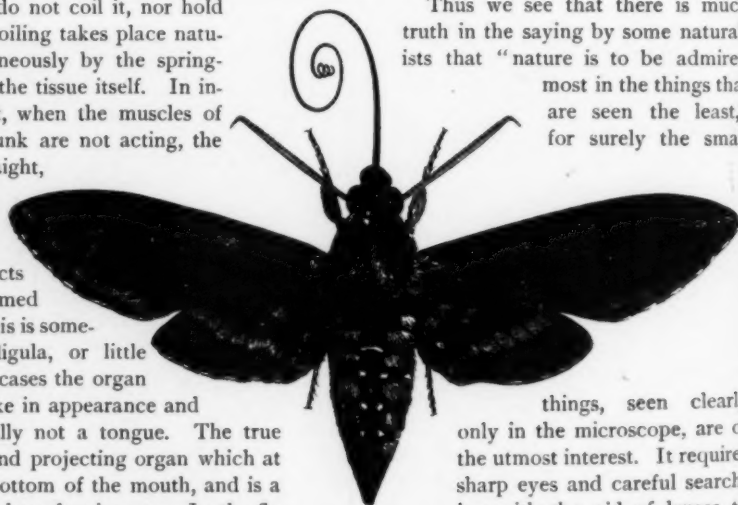
In flies, and some other insects of similarly formed body, the proboscis is sometimes called a ligula, or little tongue. In such cases the organ is more tongue-like in appearance and action, but is really not a tongue. The true tongue is a soft and projecting organ which at times forms the bottom of the mouth, and is a distinct part in only a few insects. In the fly this ligula is well developed and of remarkably intricate and interesting structure.

The fly pours saliva through its proboscis, and the fluid dissolves the food. The insect sucks the solution up through the same proboscis, and passes it into the stomach without the need of another mouth. In the picture showing a magnified tip of the tongue, on page 1035, notice the very small whitish teeth at the upper ends or bases of the false tracheæ, as the branching parts are called. Each species of fly seems to have teeth of a special form. With these many teeth the fly scrapes solid food, and the particles are mixed with the saliva that comes from these false tracheæ, and then the whole fluid-mixture is sucked up through the proboscis down which the saliva flowed.

The proboscis of the honey-bee is perhaps the most curious of all. It is made up of a large number of ring-like sections. When taking the nectar from the plant, the proboscis is extended from the mouth to the bottom of the flower and is rapidly contracted and extended.

It would require many pages of ST. NICHOLAS to explain all the amusing wrangling of learned microscopists, notwithstanding all their appliances, for many years over the exact structure and action of these very interesting proboscides of insects.

Thus we see that there is much truth in the saying by some naturalists that "nature is to be admired most in the things that are seen the least," for surely the small



HAWK-MOTH.
(Showing proboscis
uncoiling.)

things, seen clearly only in the microscope, are of the utmost interest. It requires sharp eyes and careful searching with the aid of lenses to find some of nature's most wonderful objects, just as it



PROBOSCIS OF THE HONEY-BEE.

requires much effort and perseverance—perhaps the aid of rubber boots and long sticks!—to obtain the most beautiful flowers of the ponds, meadows, marshes, and swamps.

EXTENDING TONGUES AND PROBING BILLS.

THE manner in which butterflies, moths, and bees extend their proboscides, or "tongues," as we commonly call them, to secure the nectar in the bottom of flowers, reminds one of some interesting tongues and bills of birds. Thus



THE WOODPECKER'S TONGUE. (EXTENDED.)

the tongue of the woodpecker is remarkably long, with a horny end, and a series of barbs on both sides for spearing insects.

Snipe and woodcock probe in rich and moist soil of meadows and swamps. The *upper* part of the bill is sensitive and flexible near the tip. It is adapted for finding earthworms and then pulling them out of the ground, as might be done by a boy's finger.



A FAMILY OF WILSON'S SNIFE. (Showing the long bills for probing in the mud for earthworms.)

SOME INTERESTING RESEMBLANCES.

NATURE very frequently imitates for a purpose, as was explained regarding the moths, butterflies, and other insects mentioned in "Protection by Deceiving," on page 1122 of Nature and Science for October, 1900.

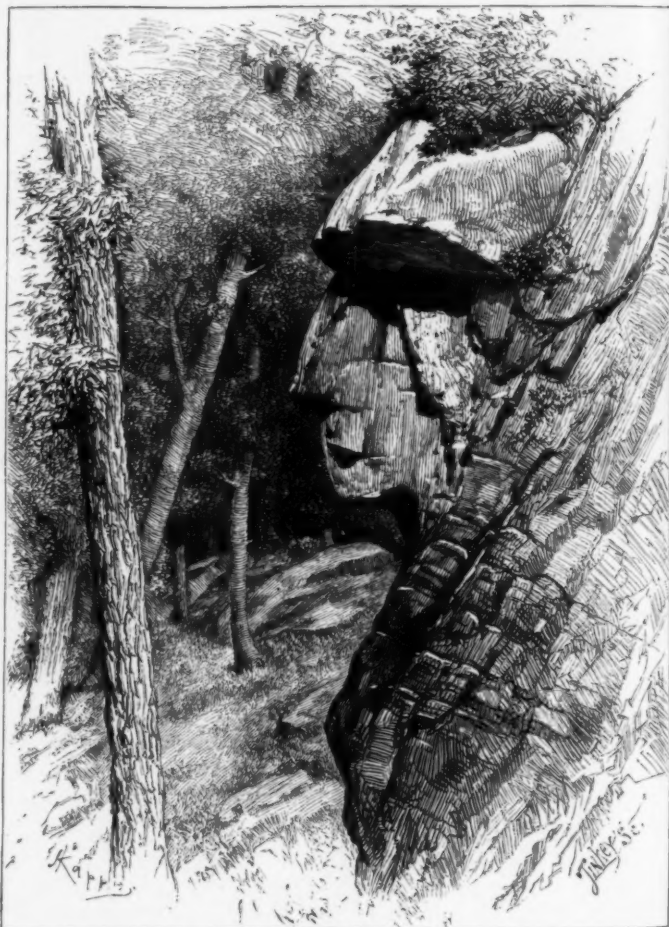
Sometimes, however, the resemblance is without purpose or advantage, as if it were "one of nature's little jokes," but of course really with no thought of joking on nature's part, as was explained on page 647 of Nature and Science for May, 1900, in describing the monkey-face resemblance of a chrysalis.

Such strongly marked cases of resemblance without a purpose are rare in plant or animal life, but very common among inanimate objects, as we may recognize—at least with the aid of a little imagination. We all are familiar with many forms wherein we can easily fancy a close resemblance to other forms. How entertaining it is to look into an open fire and to fancy that parts of the flame and embers resemble landscape and water scenes, trees, houses, castles, and, indeed, people. Such fancies were a favorite amusement of our grandfathers and grandmothers when they were young folks and the houses were warmed by huge open fireplaces like that of Whittier's boyhood, as described in "Snow-Bound."

Resemblances, similar to those seen in the fire, are familiar to us all in clouds that look

like a person's head, like various animals, or like houses and castles. Sometimes frost formations, especially on store show-windows, closely resemble forests and meadows, with brooks and lakes. Thus in things large and in small we see resemblances that are purposeless but always interesting and sometimes laughable.

As an example, see this solemn and grotesque face on the stony cliff. By the way, will some of the young folks who have seen this tell us where it is? May all who love to stroll in fields and forests keep on the sharp lookout for similar resemblances. Photographs or drawings of them are especially desired.



THE SIDE OF A CLIFF THAT SOMEWHAT RESEMBLES A FACE.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

INTERESTING UNDERGROUND ANIMALS.

REGINA, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a very lonely sort of town, although it is the capital. There are no trees, just the bare prairie, but I like it very much. Above all things I like nature. I like to watch the gophers. One day I was behind a little mound, and Mr. Gopher came up out of the hole and gave a little squeak and went down again. In a few minutes he appeared with two dear little gophers. I watched them very carefully. I was looking so eagerly that I made a noise. The old

Gophers have no lovable traits to strongly attract us. At least, when untamed, they are very vicious. When caught in traps they fight with astonishing ferocity, biting the steel so fiercely as to break off their teeth. They can easily bite through a shoe, and will attack a foe with utmost fury, never manifesting fear in a fight. The fierce little animals can lay no claim to beauty except in the perfect fitness to the life they lead, for there is no grace of form, nor



POCKET GOPHERS.

gopher stood up on his haunches and gave an alarmed squeak, and dodged into his hole.

I remain your loving reader, ARTHUR BENSON.
(Age 10.)

Older observers also have watched eagerly for the gophers, and were not able to learn all their habits, because the little animals keep so closely underground. A learned naturalist says: "By patient watching, a little brown head may sometimes be seen for an instant, and on rare occasions the whole animal appears above the ground, but disappears again so quickly that the eye hardly catches its form."

pleasing contrast of colors. However, their coats of fine hair harmonize in color with the soil, and are so smooth and glossy as to repel the dirt, which keeps the animals bright and clean.

In making the underground tunnels, a gopher uses its front teeth as a pick to loosen the soil, which it throws back by the front feet. Occasionally the little digger turns in its burrow and places the palms of its "hands" under its chin and pushes the accumulated loose earth out, thus forming a little "gopher hill." It adds to the burrows year by year, one animal digging

as much as a mile in length of the crooked tunnels. The eyes of a gopher are small and the sight is not very keen. The large teeth grow so long as actually to prevent shutting the mouth, thus adding greatly to the unattractive appearance.

On each side of the mouth is a big hairy pocket that is used for carrying food. As you all know, squirrels can take food in their mouths and with their tongues push it out between their teeth into elastic pouches as boys put marbles in their cheeks. But with the gopher the pouch opens from the *outside* and extends back to the shoulders. In emptying these pouches the animal brings its fore feet along the side of its head to the rear of the pouch, and then the "hands" are pressed firmly against the head and carried rapidly forward, thus squeezing out on the ground the contents of leaves, stems, and roots, to be eaten at leisure. Sometimes several such strokes are necessary, "like a boy playing a jews'-harp," as the young folks would describe it, except that both hands are used in the forward strokes.

Gophers have never been known to drink. Evidently no water is needed other than that contained in the plants that are eaten. If a gopher is captured when very young it may become tame and gentle.



UNDER SIDE OF HEAD OF GOPHER,
SHOWING EXTERNAL CHEEK POUCHES.

QUEER CUSTOM IN NEST-BUILDING.

GRASMERE, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some birds make rude nests of sticks, lined with grass; some line their nests with cotton and string and scraps of cloth; some make their nests soft with feathers and down: but the queerest taste in nest-making is shown by the great-crested flycatcher. I noticed a train of ants going up the tree where there was a flycatcher's nest, and I climbed up and looked in

through a hole in the hollow trunk of the tree, where the nest was, and there was the body of a whole snake, coiled round to help make a lining for the nest, and that was what the procession of ants was after. Do the birds kill the snakes themselves, or just find dead ones? Do you think the birds have any particular reason for using snakes in making their nests?

Your friend,

PLEASANCE BAKER.

(Age 14.)

The great-crested flycatcher almost invariably lines its nest with a snake-skin, if one is to be had, but I have never seen nor previously learned of its using a whole snake. It seems, however, quite consistent with the habits of the bird for it to use a whole snake, instead of the cast skin, provided the dead snake found by the bird was small enough to be carried in the flight to the nest. Have any other young folks seen a whole dead snake thus substituted for a cast skin? For what reason do you suppose the bird uses a snake, either in whole or in part?



GREAT-CRESTED FLYCATCHERS AND THEIR NEST
IN A HOLLOW TREE.

Do you think it is to frighten intruders, for the same reason that the mother bird on the nest makes a hissing sound at any intruder?

GROTESQUE LITTLE INSECTS.

HILO, HAWAII.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is a very strange little insect that lives here. Sometimes it is a dark green, but generally it is a very light green. This little bug has six legs, and when it walks, it teeters from one side to the other. I do not know the name of it. There is a scientific man here who does not know the name of it either. The little insect has wings, that he folds on his back in such a funny shape. I have drawn a little picture of him. The rim of his wings and the edge of his feet are pink. The picture on the same piece of paper is the same kind of an insect when it is little. He is then pink. This is the first letter I have written to you. I am twelve years old.

Your loving friend,
MAUDE L. MASON.

From the colored outline drawings accompanying this letter, I am confident that the insect described is a member of the strange family of tree-hoppers, that contains a large variety of ludicrous forms, a few of which are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

Nothing could be more comically grotesque in appearance than these little creatures. When you want a good laugh, find one of these tree-hoppers and look at its face through a hand lens. "Nature must have been joking!" you will be apt to exclaim.

Various colors, forms, and droll expressions are represented in the many varieties. Some found on rose-bushes so closely resemble the thorns as to deceive the young folks or the bird that may be looking for them.

In some varieties there is an extension above

the head "like a peaked night-cap," as Professor Comstock describes it. In others this extension reaches backward over the body, completely covering it like a roof.

In others the forward projection is curved and pointed, thus resembling the neck, head, and bill of a bird. William Hamilton Gibson, in "My Studio Neighbors," has a very interesting chapter entitled "A Queer Little Family on the Bittersweet," in which, after telling of the thorn forms, he refers to those with the bird-like projection as a "whole covey of quail."

Look, quick! Turn your magnifier hither on this green shoot. No thorn, this. Are they not a family of tiny birds with long necks and swelling breasts and drooping tails, verily like an autumn brood of "Bob Whites"?

On a warm day, look closely for these tiny insects among the stems and leaves of the rose-bushes, grape-vines, Virginia creeper, or small shrubs. Some forms, but perhaps not always the most grotesque and interesting, are easily and surely obtained by "sweeping" the tall grass in a sunny field with the insect-net. Gibson also tells us in "Sharp Eyes" to "open the netted folds carefully. Here are the queer green triangular tree-hoppers looking like animated dock seeds."

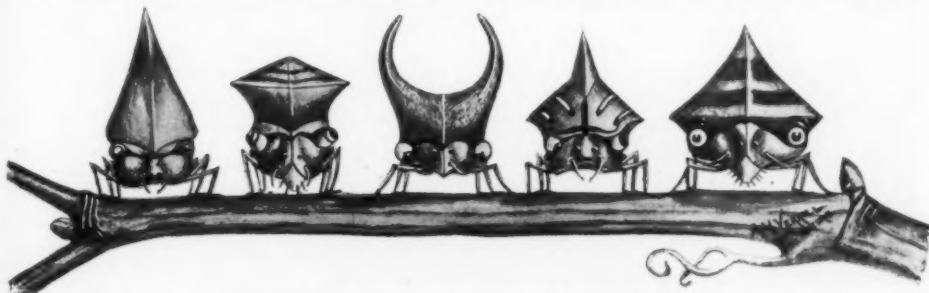
One form has stripes of red, white, and blue. Another has projections like horns, one on each side, and is called the "Buffalo" tree-hopper.



FORM OF INSECT SHOWN IN DRAWING BY THE WRITER OF THIS LETTER.



"RESEMBLING THE NECK, HEAD, AND BILL OF A BIRD."



VARIOUS FORMS OF THE GROTESQUE LITTLE TREE-HOPPERS.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MARJORIE GARRISON, AGE 15. (WINNER OF GOLD BADGE IN APRIL.)

THE school-boy lingers in his boat,
The school-girl drowns on the sands,
Unmindful that the school-bell's note
Will echo soon across the lands.

Now that vacation is nearly done, and we are all going back to the round of study and home duties that, after all, make up the best and most genuine part of our lives, we will take just a moment to talk about the League, and what we are going to do with it this winter.

For one thing, we are going to keep right along in the path of progress we have been following for nearly two years, making only such changes and departures as promise to improve our plans or broaden our field. We are constantly receiving suggestions from different members, and these we are always glad to have, and to adopt when our limits of space and purpose will permit.

For another thing, we are going to double our numbers. We are already by far the largest organization of young people the world has ever seen, and the most progressive. The League work as shown from month to month in this department has amazed every one connected

with art and literature. But we are not going to stop: we are going to be a larger and better organization than ever.

And this is how we may do it. Every member who believes in the League has at least five friends who ought to know about it and who ought to belong—five boys and girls who are interested in writing and drawing and photography, or puzzle-making, and who would enjoy reading a magazine like ST. NICHOLAS.

Knowing this to be true, we ask every member of the League to send us on a postal-card the names of these five boys and girls, or more than five, if they like, with the addresses carefully written, and we will see that a sample copy of ST. NICHOLAS is sent to each address, with a leaflet explaining all about the League, and asking every reader to join.

It will not be much trouble to do this, and it will make our League so great and powerful that nothing can ever weaken or destroy it. We do not believe there is any member of the League that would want to see it come to an end, and it never will if we each strive properly to maintain it with a membership of the best and brightest of America's boys and girls.



"A SUMMER DAY." BY WENDELL R. MORGAN, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPE- TITION No. 21.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

VERSE. Gold badges, Oscar R. Graevé (age 16), De Kalb Jct., St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., and Mabel B. Ellis (age 15), Olivet College, Olivet, Mich.

Silver badges, Irma Louise Herdegen (age 14), 129 25th St., Milwaukee, Wis., and William R. Benét (age 15), Watervliet Arsenal, West Troy, N. Y.

PROSE. Cash prize, Caroline Clinton Everett (age 14), 53 Pearl St., Worcester, Mass.

Gold badge, Florence Loveland (age 15), 23 East 37th St., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, Jean Olive Heck (age 15), 632 Barr St., Cincinnati, O., Rose Edmonds (age 14), Devon Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass., and Florence C. Ingalls (age 11), Marblehead, Mass.

DRAWING. Gold badges, Pauline Vanderburgh (age 16), 2609 Sycamore



"A SUMMER DAY." BY MARGARET MARSH, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

St., Cairo, Ill., and Monica P. Turner (age 13), Lonsdale, Belstead Road, Ipswich, Suffolk, England.

Silver badges, Irene R. Tucker (age 17), 207 Dearborn St., Mobile, Ala., and Allison More (age 12), 1023 Pearl St., Sioux City, Ia.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Cash prize, Wendell R. Morgan (age 16), 23 Watkins Ave., Oneonta, N. Y.

Gold badge, Margaret Marsh (age 13), 349 W. 85th St., New York City.

Silver badges, Frederick Brandenburg (age 12), 22 Langdon St., Madison, Wis., and Margaret R. Pratt (age 11), Seamoore, Glen Cove, L. I.

WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY. First prize, "Squirrel," by Henry Ormsby Phillips (age 15), 489 Bellefontaine St., Pasadena, Cal. Second prize, "Wild Fowl," by Dudley B. Valentine (age 11), 13th Ave. and 20th St., East Oakland, Cal. Third prize, "Squirrel," by Herbert R. Stolz (age 13), 778 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



"A SUMMER DAY." BY FREDERICK BRANDENBURG, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, Zane Pyles (age 10), 115 Monroe St., Anacostia, D. C.

Silver badges, Janet Boyd Merrill (age 12), 11 Gray St., Portland, Me., and Arthur J. White (age 11), 3329 Powelton Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Eleanor R. McClees (age 15), Toms River, N. J.

Silver badges, Philip S. Beebe (age 13), 1154 E. Long St., Columbus, O., and Elizabeth F. Wheeler (age 14), 121 Amity St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prize badges are usually sent within fifteen days after the announcement of the winners' names.

DON'T FAIL

To read the League introduction this month. It tells how we make the League so large that it will never die.



"A SUMMER DAY." BY MARGARET R. PRATT, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

A HARVEST SONG.

BY OSCAR R. GRAEVÉ (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

BEFORE the laggard sun had e'en
Shot forth its foremost crimson arrows,
Ere yet the tarrying robin's call
Was answered by the loit'ring sparrow's,
Arose the harvest song.
It wavered o'er the golden wheat;
It sank into the corn-field's furrows;
Alarmed the lark, disturbed the hares,
So that they sought their hidden burrows—
Rang forth the whole day long.
But when the sun in brazen flame
Lit all the west with purpled red,
It slowly sobbed itself away,
And, dying, found a fragrant bed
The bleeding fields among.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY PAULINE VANDERBURGH, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

TOLD BY A KITTEN.

BY CAROLINE CLINTON EVERETT
(AGE 14).

(Cash Prize.)

I AM a little yellow kitten named Theodore Roosevelt and commonly called Teddy. I am at present in a horrid dark place down cellar, with only a saucer of cold milk for supper, instead of the warm bread and milk I know my brother William McKinley is enjoying. And because I—but let me begin where I should.

This afternoon I saw Jip, our dog, bring something queer and fuzzy and lay it at my mistress's feet. "Good doggy," she said, "to catch the horrid mouse." And my little master Malcolm said, "Nice doggy!" I made up my mind immediately to catch one, too, so I began to prowl around looking for a mouse.

Soon I found a little soft, fuzzy thing on the ground, which I took up and carried to my mistress. As soon as she saw it, she cried: "Oh, you naughty kitty to kill

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

TO RUTH IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

BY MABEL B. ELLIS (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

WOULD I had seen thee, maiden, gleaning there,
The morning sunbeams kissing thy fair face;
Had seen thee follow, distant but a pace,
The reapers with their rough and matted hair,
Their faces brown, their brawny arms all bare,
Swinging the sickle with a sturdy grace;
Had seen thee put the scattered ears in place,
In all thy golden burden not a tare!

Would I had seen the master gaze on thee,
The morn of love slow dawning in his heart;
Had heard the lark sing, as he soared above,
Filling the whole wide world with melody,
As all the wide, wide world was filled with love
Because, one day, thou simply didst thy part!

a dear little baby robin." And Malcolm said, "Naughty kitty!" He began to swing me by my tail, though my mistress took me away and slapped his hands.

Then she carried me down cellar, and here I am puzzling my brain over these three things: Why is it right for Jip to kill a soft, fuzzy thing called a mouse? Why is it wrong for me to kill a soft, fuzzy thing called a robin? Why am I punished by being put down here, when Malcolm only has his hands slapped?

But then, many things puzzle little kittens. I suppose I will understand better when I am older.

The puzzle is solved. My mistress took me out of

THE HARVEST TIME.

BY IRMA LOUISE HERDEGEN (AGE 14).

Illustrated by the Author.

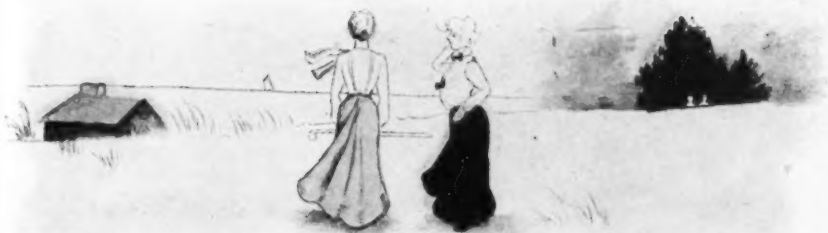
(Silver Badge.)

IT was late in the month of August,
When all the world is still,
Save for the lowing of cattle
Or clank of an old windmill;
Save for the rustling of tree-tops
Or bowing of waves of rye
As it makes its deep obeisance
To a zephyr stealing by.

As I sat on a lawn in the country
And gazed at the verdant hills,
I thought of the poor in the cities
With their many wants and ills;
And I thanked the God of the harvest,
That season of the year,
With its crop of grain so golden
It cannot find a peer.



"ITS CROP OF GRAIN SO GOLDEN." (SEE POEM.)



September.

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY KATHERINE E. FOOTE, AGE 16.

the cellar and explained everything. A soft, fuzzy thing is horrid and ought to be killed when it is called a mouse, but when it is called a robin it is nice and should not be killed. Malcolm was punished, after all. My mistress told me in our talk that kindness should be shown by kittens as well as toward kittens.

But one thing still puzzles me. When is a soft, fuzzy thing called a mouse, and when is it called a robin?

HOW A KODAK GAINED A FRIEND FOR THE BIRDS.

BY FLORENCE LOVELAND (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

JOHN was fond of having fun (as he called it) by trying to kill the little birds, who chirped in the trees until suddenly interrupted by a shot from his sling.

Sometimes he would kill one of the feathered tribe, but generally he inflicted a severe wound in the little ones, causing great pain.

One day his Uncle George came to visit John's people.

After a few days' stay he asked John to accompany him while he went into the woods to take pictures. John ran in to get his cap, and came back fixing his sling-shot for use.

"You do not need that, my boy," said Uncle George.

through the woods and have the birds carol sweetly to you from the branches of some tree in your path than if they were all to run from you with a disgusted air, and as much as saying, 'There is a boy! Oh, how I hate boys; they are all so cruel!'

John had never looked at it in this light; he had only thought of the



"SQUIRREL." BY HENRY ORMSBY PHILLIPS, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")



"WILD FOWL." BY DUDLEY B. VALENTINE, AGE 11. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

fun in being able to shoot correctly enough to kill.

The two went into the forest, but the sling-shot did not accompany them.

When they returned at dusk with loaded cameras, John was greatly excited at whether the pictures he had taken would be usable in the new book.

The next day when the negatives were developed it was found that John had obtained some really excellent photographs.

Uncle George left behind him a kodak in the hands of the overjoyed John, and a burnt sling.

In the fall a check reached John as his commission in furnishing bird views for the book.

He is now a famous photographer of birds and their happy "nest" life.

FRIENDS.

BY ROSE EDMANDS (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

THE air was warm and balmy, the azure sky was dotted with soft, downy clouds, the sun shone brightly, and the meadow was white with nodding daisies lifting their golden hearts up toward the sunlight.

"Bobolink! Bobolink! Spink, spank, spink!" called a little gentleman in black and white from the grass-blade where he was swinging. Young Mr. Goldfinch cocked his black head on one side and gazed at a



"SQUIRREL." BY HERBERT R. STOLZ, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

"I am going into the woods to take pictures of the birds as they live happily and undisturbed by that cruel instrument. These pictures are to illustrate a book on birds which will be published in the fall. If you were to take the sling, you would prevent not only my work but that of the publishers. I am sure you would have a better time if you were to walk



"A SUMMER DAY." BY J. PARSONS GREENLEAF, AGE 13.

little boy in a blue sailor-suit who had stopped to pick daisies on his way to school. "Sweet, sweet, sweet," piped up a voice from an alder on the bank of the brook. A cat-bird scolded and a little warbler flitted in and out among the bushes that overhung the silvery water where the fishes swam lazily to and fro. The little boy looked up to listen and talk to his little friends. The cat-bird, who was a new arrival, eyed him suspiciously, but he did not need to be troubled, for Philip would not have hurt him for all the world. The bobolink and the goldfinch had no fear. They knew that Philip never would harm them; they had made friends with him, and knew he loved them and would always be kind. A chipmunk ran down a tree and peeped around the trunk, trying to play peek-a-boo. Some cows, grazing in the meadow, lifted their heads, lowing softly for the clover which they expected. A bee lit on his bunch of flowers. Philip did not shake it off, but let it gather honey.

"Hollo, chipmunk; don't fly away, bobolink; dear little goldy, please stay and sing to me—I will not hurt you; here is your clover, bossies." Gently he talked to his friends, and they had no desire to flee away. He had been in the meadow many times before, but was always just as gentle, just as kind, and left joy and sunshine when he went away.

The birds, the cows, the chipmunks, the fishes, bees, and flowers were all his friends, because he was good to them all, every creature, no matter how tiny. If only more of us would try to be like this little boy and not seek to destroy or kill, what a happy world this would be!

THE HARVEST.

BY WILLIAM R. BENÉT (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

YON lie the fields all golden with grain,
(Oh, come, ye Harvesters, reap!)

The dead leaves are falling with autumn's brown stain.
(Oh, come, ye Harvesters, reap!)

For soon sinks the sun to his bed in the west,
And cawing the crows fly each one to his nest;
The grain soon will wither, so harvest your best.
(Oh, come, ye Harvesters, reap!)

Swift sweep the scythes o'er the mellowing ears,
(Reap on, ye Harvesters, reap!)

And soft falls the grain like a fond mother's tears.
(Reap on, ye Harvesters, reap!)

The sun sinketh down, and the day's work is done,
And slow go the harvesters home one by one.
Night now is at hand, but the harvest 's begun.
(Reap on, ye Harvesters, reap!)

L'Envoi.

Bare lie the fields which of late shone like gold!
(Farewell, O Harvesters all!)

For the scythes were well handled with arms that were bold.
(Farewell, O Harvesters all!)

The sunset is lighting the sky with its glow,
A crow's harsh note sounds from the meadow below,
And home from their labors the harvesters go!
(Farewell, O Harvesters all!)

ETHEL AND HER KITTEN.

BY FLORENCE C. INGALLS (AGE 11).

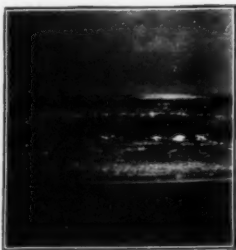
(*Silver Badge.*)

ETHEL lived in the country. When her ninth birthday came round, although she had many pretty presents, she liked none so well as what her father gave her, a little Maltese kitten.

When he gave it to her he told her that if she should ever forget to give the kitten any of his meals somebody who was more careful would take care of him.

One day Ethel's brother Bob and his friend Will and Will's sister Emma and Ethel were all going to stay all day with Ethel's grandma, who lived in Boston, and they knew that they would have a grand time. When they were half-way down to the station, Ethel suddenly stopped.

"Well, what is the matter?" said Bob.
"I did n't feed my kitten," said Ethel.



"A SUMMER DAY." BY JAMES GAMBLE, AGE 13.



"A SUMMER DAY IN THE BLACK FOREST." BY MAY GRUENING, AGE 16.

"Well, no matter now," said Emma; "there is no use crying over spilt milk, and of course you would n't go back now—you might miss the train."

"Yes, Emma Hardy; how would you like it if your mother forgot to give you your breakfast? No; I am going back and feed my kitten, even if I miss a dozen trains."

Nobody could stop her; she ran like a whirlwind toward home. She lost no time in going to the closet and getting a saucer of milk and a little meat.

Then, without a word to any one, she raced down to the station again. The train was slowly moving, but the conductor, seeing her, lifted her in his arms and put her on the platform. She quickly ran into the car, feeling very happy to think that kitty was enjoying his breakfast.

THE HARVESTERS' SONG.

(LADY OF SHALOTT.)

BY MARGUERITE STUART (AGE 13).

As the sun sinks swiftly, swiftly, from the blue September sky,

As the moon arises slowly, slowly, to the stars on high—
While the harvesters are binding, binding golden sheaves of grain,

And the swollen, sullen river breaks the stillness to complain—

Comes a voice so sad, so wistful,
Sweet, so sweet, although so low,
That they pause amid their labor,
And their upturned faces glow,
While they whisper to each other,
'Neath the white moon's silvery light,

"'T is the fairy Lady of Shalott
That sings that song to-night."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BIRD.

BY CAROL SCUDDER WILLIAMS (AGE 11).

I AM the father bird of a large family. My mate is the sweetest sparrow that ever lived, as you would all agree if you saw her. We mated early in the spring, before the time for building



"A SUMMER DAY IN MEXICO." BY ALAN SEEGER, AGE 12.

nests, and selected a place for our home. We went to a great many places, until finally we saw a roomy house

with a large piazza, and under the eaves we found the best place for a nest that you can think of. It was large enough for a good-sized nest, and we decided to take it. We saw that there were house children in the family, and perhaps they would be kind to us. And then, the branch of a big maple-tree stretched out quite near it, and made a good place to sit and watch the babies. (Perhaps you think that father birds don't care much for their children, but they do.)

Well, we built a cunning little nest, and pretty soon we had five little speckled eggs. One day, after we had been waiting and waiting so long, and tending

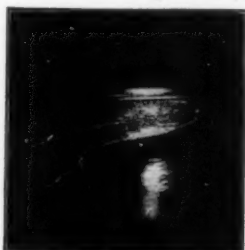
them so faithfully, those eggs broke, and out came five featherless, hungry little birds. Then there was great excitement below. The house children got a step-ladder, and peeped into the nest, but did not touch the birds. They were so gentle and kind, and never made a noise on the piazza, for fear of "frightening the birdies away." I have had a great deal of experience with house children, and never have seen any as kind as these were. You don't know how happy it makes us feel to know that somebody cares enough about us to want us. And a great many house children have thrown stones at me. It is autumn now, and time to emigrate. The babies are full grown, and fine birds they are!

WHAT KINDNESS CAN DO.

BY MEDORA STRONG (AGE 13).

THEY were handsome St. Bernard puppies when they were first bought. One was no prettier than the other, and, what is more, they were brothers. There were two of them, and one, who was afterward named "Leo," fell into the hands of a master whom he learned to love. His brother, more unfortunate, was bought by a man with a hard heart, and who named him "Rex." When asked why he bought dogs, Mr. Hunt (for that was his name) replied that he wanted company, and that was all the satisfaction his questioner could ever get.

As the weeks wore on—slowly for Rex, swiftly for



"A SUMMER NIGHT." BY HELEN DICKENSON, AGE 12.



"A SUMMER DAY IN GERMANY." BY PAUL H. PAUSNITZ, AGE 15.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY RUTH FELT, AGE 13.

Leo—the two dogs became strangely different. Leo was big and healthy, while his brother was thin and cowardly.

When Rex was spoken to, he would put his tail between his legs, and crouch down at the speaker's feet, looking up with the frightened eyes that betray so much of a miserable dog's life.

But Leo would raise his bushy tail and wag it all the time, looking up with those fearless brown eyes that it is always a pleasure to look into.

Yes, Rex was fast becoming a coward under the harsh words of his hard master.

Mr. Richards, the owner of Leo, feeling sorry for the once handsome brother of his own dog, bought Rex and proceeded to cure him.

By slow degrees the dog, so used to harsh treatment, gradually became his old self under the kind and steady influence of his new master.

Oh, kindness is magic, and every one has the power to use it.

HARVEST TIME.

BY LYDIA C. GIBSON (AGE 9).

THE harvest time is coming,
And now we see and hear
Flowers brightly blooming,
Bird-songs far and near.

The harvesters are gleaming
Within the field of corn,
And merrily we're singing,
On this bright summer morn.

"ZIP'S" LETTER.

BY MARJORIE SEVERANCE
(AGE 13).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only a little dog, called "Zip," and I am writing to tell you about my mistress Laura.

She is so kind-hearted that she hates to see anything suffer, and when we go for a walk, if she sees anybody whipping a horse, she always whispers to me, "Oh, if I can't stop him, Zip, I'll have to run away so I can't see him beat the poor thing." Then she would go and ask

the driver please not to whip his horse so hard, and generally they would stop, and say, "All right, miss." But sometimes they would pay no heed, and we would run away together.

One day I saw her out in the wood-pile, and ran to her joyfully. She was rummaging around in a barrel full of tin cans, and she said laughingly, "I'm going to make a house for the birdies, Zip." And sure enough, she had brought forth an old can that was in the shape of a little house, and she set to work with a pair of old shears and made a little door. Then she climbed up a tall pepper-tree and set the house firmly between two crotches. She was very happy after doing this, and was happier still when in a few weeks she found a nest and eggs.

My little mistress often has a lot of boys and girls over to her house, and they talk about how to stop people from beating their horses and ill-treat-

ing their animals. They have a round blue button with a white star in the center, and the words "Band of Mercy" about it.

Would n't it be nice if the different boys and girls that live in the same city would form a "Band of Mercy" to protect poor dumb animals like myself?

Every year Laura builds little houses for the birds, and she and her friends do a lot of good in trying to stop cruelty in their little town.

Your very true little friend,
ZIP.



"JACKSONVILLE, FLA., DURING THE FIRE." BY HARRY H. BUCKMAN, JR., AGE 14.

HARVEST TIME.

BY MURIEL COLLIS (AGE 9).

THE men were busy mowing,
The birds were in the trees,
The children laughing gaily
Were helping like busy bees,
For it was harvest time.

Sing, little children, sing;
Loud let your voices ring.
Your happiness and mirth
Will gladden all the earth,
For it is harvest time.

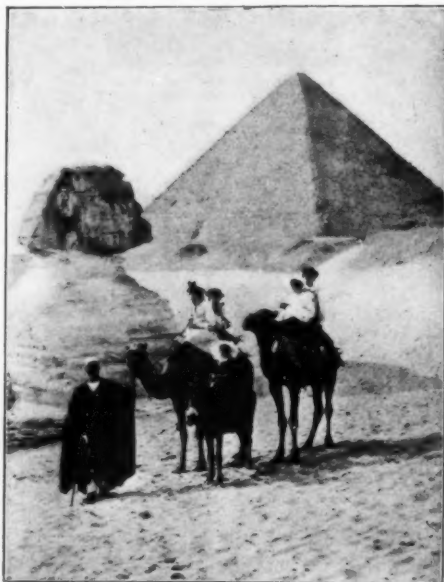
HORSES.

BY ELSIE FLOWER (AGE 14).

You can always tell what sort of a master a horse has by the horse's actions.

I go up to this black horse and try to pet him. See how he lays his ears back. He trembles and tries to bite! We know that this horse is accustomed to hard blows and loud words.

When you speak to a horse it is not right to shout;



"SOME EGYPTIAN LEAGUE MEMBERS."
(THE LITTLE LANSINGS OF CAIRO.)

and neither is it right to hit a horse every time you harness him.

Now look at this horse. I pet him, and he rubs his nose affectionately against my arm. Rub your hand over his back. There are no marks where the whip has cut him. His coat is smooth and glossy, betokening good care. This horse has a kind master.

Which horse would you rather have, the one that trembles and looks wild when you approach, or the one that trusts and loves you for kind treatment?

THE DOGS OF ST. LÉGER.

BY MARGARET G. HART (AGE 13).

In this little French village every man has his particular dog pet. All varieties of dogs abound in the streets. One that I am very fond of is a queer little white poodle. "Phino" is much loved, and no man would dare harm one hair of his small body. He comes to our door and stands gazing at us with such wistful eyes, perhaps wondering how we happen not to have a dog.

Mme. Rosa, who lives near us and owns the grocery store, delights in animals. In her barn-yard she raises chickens, guinea-pigs, rabbits, and on her cottage wall



September.

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY ALLISON MORE, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

hang bird-cages—in one a jackdaw. Smaller cages hang above, containing a lark and canary-birds. But her chief love is "Phanore," a fine water-spaniel. Madame often brings him in the evening, and before leaving she insists upon his saying "Good evening." "Dis bonsoir aux dames," she will cry over and over again. Sometimes he gives a sharp bark, but he is always treated the same, whether he will or not.

The mayor of the town does not seem to have very much to do, and his time is generally occupied in taking his dog walking down the village street and stopping to talk with every one he meets. "Lou-Lou," not caring to wait, runs off in some other direction, and when called will not come. Monsieur leads a hard chase, and puts a threatening tone in his usually gentle "Plus vite." Thereupon Lou-Lou appears, and after several pettings and sweet words like "Mon mignon, mon petit," condescends to follow.

VOL. XXVIII.—132.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MONICA F. TURNER, AGE 13.
(GOLD BADGE.)

everything one can think of that could be of any ornament or comfort for them.

The French people seem very kindly, and nothing shows a person's kindness better than their treatment of animals.

THE HARVEST OF THE WEST.

BY BERTA HART NANCE (AGE 17).

(Winner of Gold Badge in 1900.)

We have no fields to reap or sow;
Our land with flowers is dressed;
We gather herds of cattle in—
The harvest of the West.

They come from many a distant plain,
From many a mountain lone,
The cow-boys whistling at their backs
In loud and merry tone.

Through golden dust the great red sun
Stares gravely at the scene;
The cattle's lowing shakes the earth,
Its hills and valleys green.

So, where no grain is ever sown,
And all the land has rest,
We gather herds of cattle in—
Our harvest in the West.

KIND TO ALL.

A True Story.

BY RICHARD M. KENDIG (AGE 9).

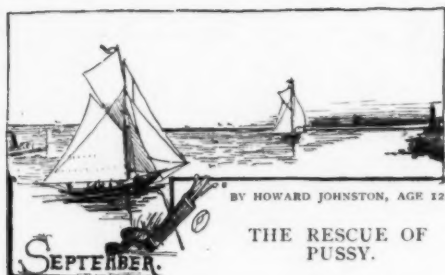
I HAVE a friend who has a great many pets. She has a cat, a tame white rat, and a great many birds.

If a bird is injured anywhere in the neighborhood it is sure to be brought to her, and she takes care of it. Her home is sometimes called the "Birds' Hospital." The birds fly all about the house, and "Taffy" (the cat) never attempts to injure any of them. "Billy" (the rat) knows a great many tricks.

But what makes them so tame and kind? It is because their mistress is kind to all.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY KIRKLEY B. LEWIS, AGE 13.



BY HOWARD JOHNSTON, AGE 12.

THE RESCUE OF PUSSY.

BY DAVID MACGREGOR CHENEY (AGE 16).

In a pine standing in a swamp is a small, cup-shaped hollow, where the ancient tree stretches a massive arm out over the earth.

The sharp barking of a dog and the loud voices of boys break roughly upon our ears. There they come, tearing through underbrush and tangled mercury-vine, straining every nerve to keep pace with their panting dog. Scarcely a foot from the cruel, gleaming teeth of the animal, a beautiful cat dashes. The pine is her only chance! A rush, on which a life depends, and kitty is seen scrambling up the ragged bark of the old pine-tree. And now she cowers in the hollow of the trunk, and safely watches every movement of the boys and dog below.

"Let's build a fire under her!" one of the rascals exclaims.

What is that? Is it the crackle of fire? A filmy mass of gray suddenly curls upward, and a bright red glow throws a strange, flickering light over the little clearing where the pine-tree stands.

Poor pussy! Now is the most critical moment of her life; for, standing as high on his toes as he can without losing his balance, the rascal called "Chick" endeavors to knock her from her perch into the furnace of

heat below! Back and forth he swings his long pole; but it is dusky up there, in spite of the firelight, and the cat escapes.

Once again voices reach our ears, and there suddenly appear on the scene a dozen or more boys returning home very late from a long ramble.

"Well," exclaims one, catching sight of the cat in the dim light, "what are you trying to do with the cat?"

"We're goin' ter kill'er—ain't we, Chick?"

"Yep," Chick briefly responds.

"Well, we'll see about that," a long-legged individual in the crowd replies; and a chorus of approvals arise from his friends.

Just now two boys separate themselves from the others, and advance to the foot of the pine. One seizes the hunting-dog by the collar, the other exhibits five copper cents on the palm of his hand.

"Will you sell the cat?" he questions.

"What say, Chick?"

"Guess so!"

So the bargain is closed, the five pennies duly handed over to Chick and his companion, the dog whistled away, and pussy is saved.

THE HARVEST MOON.

BY CAROLYN PUTNAM (AGE 13).

ROUND and fair in the heavens,
Spreading her light over all,
Shines the harvest moon above us
In the pleasant early fall.

The earth seems like the fay's land,
So white and clear the light;
It does n't seem like daytime,
Yet neither like the night.

This is the time for picnics;
Jack Frost will be here soon;
So, boys and girls, enjoy yourselves
By the light of the harvest moon!

"I'm sure," said the new teacher, with a smile, "that you will all try to be present on time every morning this year." And Marjorie promised with the rest not to be late once. Who would not wish to win the good will of the young schoolmistress? She seemed like a fairy who had just stepped out of a story-book to become a teacher in the country school-house.

Yet, the very next day, Marjorie was tardy. She started from home early, but when she was in sight of the school-house, she heard a sharp, pitiful bark, and stopped to find the barker.

Now, Uncle Jim called Marjorie the dog-fancier, and she certainly fancied dogs. So her eyes filled with tears when she saw a little lost dog on the railroad track. He had been struggling up the "incline" toward her; but the short legs sank deeply among the cinders which filled the hollows, and down he fell.

The poor little fellow looked tired and discouraged, and Marjorie pitied him from the bottom of her tender heart. She whistled to him softly, but, try as he might, he could not reach her. Putting down her books, she tried to pick her way down the embankment over the

ILLUSTRATED STORY. BY JEAN OLIVE HECK (AGE 15).
(Silver Badge.)

cinders. She reached the bottom all in a heap and rather shaken, but bravely picked up the dog and started back to the top.

This was a hard climb for a chubby six-year-old, and Marjorie had to take it slowly. The September day was hot, and the stray dog was not the only little creature in distress that came to mama to be soothed and petted, as she sat sewing in the cool, quiet living-room. After all, as Marjorie said, the little fellow was not half as pretty as "Shepherd"; but she was n't sorry she took the trouble; no, no!

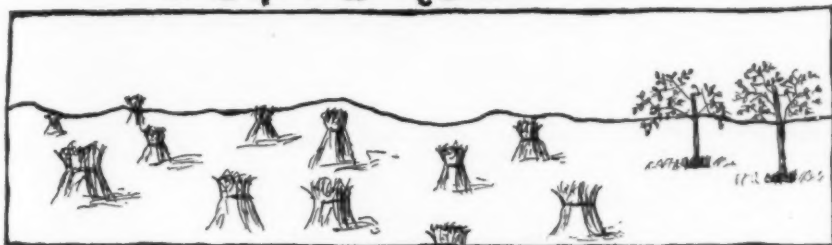
School had just begun when a freshly washed and dressed Marjorie reached the door. This is what she heard the teacher saying:

"Have any of you seen my little dog 'Dandy'? He strayed away yesterday. He's a Dandie Dinmont, and I'm willing to reward any—"

"Oh, Miss Elliott, he's at our house," cried Marjorie, from the doorway. "I'm sorry I'm late, but I found him on the railroad track."

While Marjorie was being excused for her tardiness, the morning express whirled over the spot where she had found Dandy.

September.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY NETTIE S. WILSON, AGE 10.

WHEN THE HARVEST TIME IS HERE.

BY RUTH B. MCKEAN (AGE 17).

WHEN the grapes are getting purple,
And the leaves are turning brown,
And the apples from the tree-tops
Are a-falling slowly down,
When the frosty nights of autumn
Loose the nuts from up on high,
When the corn is turning golden,
Then the harvest time is nigh.

HARVEST HOME.

BY DORIS WEBB (AGE 16).

Illustrated by the Author.



"AND NOW THEY TURN ALONG THE ROAD AND GAILY
ONWARD COME." (SEE POEM.)

THE careful store of summer days
The earth with bounty yields,
And goldenrod, the fairies' torch,
Is glowing in the fields.

When early gentians peeping out
Reflect the heaven's dome,
Across the golden fields we hear
The cry of, "Harvest home!"

And now the farmer toiling on
His distant homestead sees,
And once again we hear them shout
Beneath the shading trees.

And now they turn along the road
And gaily onward come
To gather for the yearly feast,
The joyous harvest home.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

A GOOD many League members wish to know if pictures of wild animals in captivity will do in the wild-animal photograph competitions. No, indeed. The object of this competition is to encourage the freedom of wild animals, and the animal must be in its own native element. One little girl says her Catalina goat is "very wild when he gets out of his pen." No doubt he is, poor fellow. Being shut up in a pen would make "most any of us wild."

League members whose contributions are not used sometimes send stamps later, and ask that their story, or poem, or drawing be returned. This cannot be done. Unless stamps are sent at the time, the contributions are destroyed as soon as the prize awards are decided. It would be impossible to keep them, as the quantity received is so great and our office room so limited.

Sometimes a good puzzle that might take a prize is sent without an answer. Such puzzles are destroyed at once, as the editors have no time to work out these problems. All puzzles to compete must be accompanied by a full and clear answer.

PASADENA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old, and I love you very much. I have three little brothers, Cecil, Allan, and Archibald. We were all born in China, and we had ST. NICHOLAS there. We came home on the "Rio de Janeiro," and we all liked Captain Ward very much. When the Rio sank it made us very sad to think of people that we knew being drowned. I should like to be a member of your League. I like to draw pictures.

WRECK OF THE RIO DE JANEIRO.

Sailing in one foggy morn,
The Rio struck a rock,
And lo! the pilot shouted,
For he first felt the shock.

Yes, the Rio struck the rock,
And shook both spar and mast.
"Make haste," the captain shouted,
"For we are sinking fast!"

The Wildmans' boat lay broken
From the falling of a mast:
On deck few words were spoken
And every heart beat fast.

The waves rose up with sullen roar;
And never again,
As in days of yore,
Should the Rio plow the main.

WILLIAM BERGEN CHALFANT.
(Age 9.)



"THE RIO DE JANEIRO." BY WILLIAM BERGEN CHALFANT, AGE 9.

DORA CALL wants to know how the first queen was chosen. Well, that depends. Some first queens have been chosen for their beauty, some for their goodness, and, alas! some through their wicked-

ness. There is no rule for choosing queens. We suspect that the fairies have a way all their own, and perhaps they vote with pink and white rose-petals. When Dora is a little older she will learn from history something about the choosing and making of queens, though perhaps then the subject will have lost its charm.

Florence Wilkenson wants a competition in which members select their own subjects. Quite a number have made this request lately, so this time we are going to grant it once more, and see what happens.

Other welcome and interesting letters have been received from Floyd Duval, Ettie Steel, Ivy Walsh, Jeanette E. Perkins, Paul R.

Caruthers, Gertrude Brown, Margaret E. Conklin, Peirce C. Johnson, Marguerite Wilmer, Thomas W. Saltmarsh, Irene Frederica Rau, C. Brewer Goodsell, Harry L. Howard, Grace B. Coolidge, Marion Prince, Jessie Harris, Dorothy Caldwell, Helen Ames, Mr. A. Spaeth, Kendall Bushnell, Morrow W. Palmer, Helen Stevens, William D. Warwick, Jean Olive Heck, Eleanor Hollis Murdock, Marjorie Garrison, Laurence M. Simmonds, Matilda Kinnzling, Phyllis Brooks, Lucia Koch, Ruth B. Hand, Lillian E. Wells, Elford Eddy, Alice Bacon Barnes, William Wesley Kurtz, Rose C. Huff, J. W. Swain, and Carlota Becerra.



BY FRED STEARNES, AGE 16. (WINNER OF GOLD AND CASH PRIZES.)

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found well worthy of honorable mention as well as encouragement.

PROSE.

Helen A. Monson
Carrie Bruce
William E. Pritchett
Julia W. Williamson
Ona Ringwood
Helen Van Nostrand
Winifred Dean
Elsa Hildenbrand
Blanche Baltzer
Jessie MacCurdy
Gertrude Kaufman
Alice Jane Barr
Grace R. Douglas
Nellie Carter Dodd
Helen Johns
Susie Franks Iden
Irene Powers
Nellie Stevens
Nina Starkweather
Denison H. Clift
Louise M. Haynes
Leonard Felix Fuld
Marie A. Kasten
Henrietta L. Work
Ruth M. Peters
Pearl Maynard
Mary S. Conley
Ivy Varian Walsh
Daisy Deutsch
Wynonah Brazeele
Grace Capron Johnson
Winifred F. Jones
Dorothy Mills
Bennie Butler
Theodora B. L. McCormick
David B. Van Dyck
Mary Edna Klauder
Bessie Swift
Phoebe Hunter
Helen Trom
Leotah Vince
Anna E. Holman
Newton Rosenbaum
Earl D. Van Deman
Florence Pfeifer
Carrie Harper
Edna Conway
Malcom S. Watson
Harry Uswald
Helen Gifford
Mabel B. Clark
Miriam L. Ware
Williamette Partridge
Elizabeth Chapin
Henriette Pease
Helen B. Angus
Esther Pickering
Agnes Sweet
Harriet B. Summers
Otto Freund
Bernhard B. Naumberg

Helen Arden Peabody
Winifred Abbott
Hilda Larson
Ada Hilton Green
Mabel Stanley Bridges
Jessie N. Simon
Helen Scothan
Elizabeth Spies
Henry Goldman
Henry Sokolansky
Alice C. Dean Thomas
Mary Ellen Derr
Walter Stah
Bessie S. Dean
Helen Thorburn
Helene E. Dykeman
Louis J. De Pass
Gertrude R. Stein
Beatrice M. Walmsley
Eleanor Alexander

VERSE.

C. Brewer Goodsell
Florence L. Bain
Florence Fischer
Catherine Lee Carter
Grace B. Coolidge
Jaet P. Dana
Katherine T. Bastedo
Alma Jean Wing
Alice Paul
Dorothea Posegate
Teresa Cohen
Elizabeth H. Sherman
Alice F. Hogeland
Ernest B. Pinkney
Adeline E. Stone
Eva B. Wood
Joseph Blechman
M. Shackelford
Stella Blount
Helen K. Stockton
Edna C. Ely
Marguerite M. Hillery
H. A. Miller, Jr.

Harriet A. Ives
Marjory Anne Harrison
Paul Shipman Andrews
Marion Prince
Edith Guggenheimer
Anna H. Skelding
Virginia Underwood
Mildred M. Whitney
Eather Schmitt
Dorothy Andrews
Henry Webb Johnstone
Alberta P. Livernash
Thomas Casilear Cole
Robert W. Williams
William C. Engle
Katherine M. Schmucker
Kate Colquhoun
Mildred Elizabeth Johnston
Eva Levy
Inez Fuller
Agnes Drainsfield
Amalia E. Lautz
Harry Wood

DRAWINGS.

Howard L. Marinett
Elizabeth Otis
Edgar Pearce
Chesley K. Bonestell
Ward W. Smith
Frank A. Parker
Nancy Barnhart
Miles S. Gates
Muriel Murray
Helen Ely
Harry H. Parker
Melton R. Owen
Ruth Osgood
Louise E. Davidson
G. Michelson
Tina Gray
Madge Falcon
Edward C. Day
Alan McDonald
Clarke Barney

Henry T. Duer
Marion E. King
Harriet Stringham
Elaine Flitner
Margaret E. Conklin
Rudolf Weber
Helen Chandler
Richard Farnsworth Hoyt
Henry C. McIlvaine, Jr.
Ora Winifred Wood
Charlotte Cook
Edward Louis Kastler
Philip Frederick
Jessie La Wall
David W. Barrow
Elizabeth Fuller
Laura Chanler
Stacy H. Wood
Richard de Charns, Jr.
Sophie Hodgkin
William Relstah
Clara Ware
Sidney Moise
Helen E. Jacoby
Helen L. Camp
Edith C. Spofford
Robert Gastell Barton
Dimitri Romanowsky
Loulou Sleet van Oldrui-
tenborgh
Rose Fenimore Gaynor
Raydia Squires
Theodora Kimball
H. de Veer
Jean Paul Slusser
Essa M. Starkweather
Margaret Kingman
Yvonne Jeguer
Meade Bolton
Graham C. Porter
Harvey Robinson
Pauline Croll
May Sydnor Morel
Florence E. Laheer
Nona M. Kingsbury
James C. McKell
F. W. Byrne
Oscar Iberg
Bertie Nichol
Douglas Ferry
Norman H. Shepard
Josephine Carter
Mildred Curran Smith
Florence Pearl Spaulding
Nina A. Wilkinson
Pleasantance Baker
Joshua W. Brady
H. Livingston, Jr.
Bessie Barnes

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Sophie P. Woodman

Richard H. Eurich
Harriet G. Burbank
E. T. Hutchings
Hazel E. Wilcox
Selma Matson
Helen W. Reed
Robert Rice Garland
Constance Addington
Lilla A. Greene
Cheyney Stevens Wilson
Francis G. Fabian
George H. Plough
William Warden Bodine
Gertrude Weinacht
Mildred S. Rives
Helen Bigelow
Anna B. Moore
Morris Pratt
Clarence A. Manning
Ida Crabbe
Lucy Catlett
Richard H. Catlett, Jr.
Elvia Zabriske
Rachel Freeman
W. Prichard Browne
William Munford Baker
Theodora Counselman
Jacob C. Schmucker
Charles S. Smith
Grant Dent
Kendall Bushnell
Edith Gray
Arthur H. Wilson
Ruth Chamberlain
Jean Forgans
Eleanor Shaw
Roland P. Carr
Ellen H. Skinner
Mary R. Moores
Anna R. McFadon
Louise De Vault McCormick
Rosamond Sergeant
Nana Swain
Anna Laurie McBirney
Alice Allcutt
Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Horace Taylor
Conrad Lambert
Charles T. Sweeney
Paul Moore
Caroline Gillis Sawyer
Edward MacDougall
Enid Maye Schreiber
Margaret Shaw
W. H. Patterson
Stanley Randall
Coleman Rogers
Leslie Leigh Ducros
Elsie Thompson McClintock
Marie Ormayer
Frances Goldy Budd
Laurence Erickson
Ebel McFarland
Clara L. Cheesman

PUZZLES.

Helen F. Moloney
H. S. Wheeler
George Prochazka
George F. Parsons, Jr.
Alice Bushnell
Marie H. Whitman
Marie Wilmer
Omira D. Bailey
Isadore Douglas
James S. Hedges
Jennie S. Milliken
Marion Pond
Theresa G. White



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY IRENE R. TUCKER, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY GERTRUDE E. MILLS, AGE 14.

CHAPTERS.

Now is the time to form new chapters. Old chapters have been having good times, and new ones want to be in readiness for winter evenings.

No. 44 calls for ten new badges: No. 132 for twelve. No. 166 has had a concert and now has \$2.00 in the treasury. No. 168 wants three new badges; No. 257 three; No. 261 fifty—a big increase.

On the 12th of April No. 291 gave a tableau and made six dollars, with part of which they will buy some ribbons to wear with their badges, and will spend the balance for charity. No. 232 has been asked to send some curiosities from Florida to the exposition in Ohio, given by the Junior Department of the Y. M. C. A. in September. No. 201 reports lots of fun at its meetings, and spends most of its time out of doors. No. 305, the Goldenrod Chapter, has two branches: one in New York City, one on Long Island. September is its favorite month, for then the goldenrod is in its glory.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 335. Marion Farnsworth, President; Mildred Coes, Secretary; seven members. Address, 14 Garfield St., North Cambridge, Mass. Meetings once a week at different members' houses. Weekly dues of two cents.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 24.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 24 will close September 15 (for foreign members September 20). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in St. NICHOLAS for December.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject to be selected by the author, and should be suited to the season.

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author, who may also select the subject, which should be suited to the season.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size or subject, mounted or unmounted, with no blue prints or negatives.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject to be selected by the artist. May be landscape or interior, with or without figures.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words expressing a Christmas offering.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. NICHOLAS.



BY EUPHAME C. MALLISON, AGE 6.

No. 336. Dorothy Harrison, President; Sara Kellogg, Secretary; four members. Address, Ridley Park, Pennsylvania.

No. 337. "Clover Naturalist Club." Miriam Swartz, President; Lillian Schurz, Secretary; sixty members. Address, Miss Fuld, 130 East 110th St., New York City. Club colors, pink and black.

No. 338. "Sunshine Chapter." Isabel Van Dyke, President; Mary Edson, Secretary; nine members. Address, Locust Grove, Md. "We are all very much interested in the chapters and think they are fine."

No. 339. "Happy Hours." Ethel Thompson, President; Beattie Bradford, Secretary; five members. Address, Brit, Ia.

No. 340. "Clover Club." Treasure Munro, President; three members. Address, 2143 Grand St., Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O.

No. 341. "Daisy Club." Myrtle Rose, President; Matsy Wynn, Secretary; four members. Address, 306 Poplar St., Greenville, Miss.

No. 342. "Jolly Six." Ralph Stafford, President; Carrie Townsend, Secretary; six members. Address, Essex, N. Y.

No. 343. Julia Mikell, President; Clara Ware, Secretary; four members. Address, Hingham, Mass.

No. 344. "Athlete Club." Charles Church, President; Douglas Snow, Secretary; six members. Address, Hillburn, N. Y.

No. 345. "Chrysanthemum Club." Agnes Sweet, President; Nellie McKim, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 38 Tsukiji, Tokio, Japan. Will change officers every three or four months. Meet for an hour every other Saturday afternoon to read and discuss St. NICHOLAS.

No. 346. "Onoto Yuki." Alice Richards, President; Harriette Pease, Secretary; five members. Address, The Elms, Kirkwood, Ill.

No. 347. "Twentieth Century Maids." Virginia Worthington, President; Margaret Hamilton, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 330 Lake St., Oak Park, Ill. Meetings at members' homes every other Saturday. When a St. NICHOLAS comes "we read the League through." Then games and light refreshments. Would like to correspond with other chapters with members whose ages are from twelve to fourteen.

No. 348. "Sunshine Club." Katharine Dow, President; Helen Hastings, Secretary; nine members. Address, 347 Warren Ave. E., Detroit, Mich.

No. 349. "The Michigan." Jennie Clow, President; Alice Earnley, Secretary; seven members. Address, 696 Fourth Ave., Detroit, Mich. Meetings every two weeks, and if no business the time is spent in reading St. NICHOLAS and playing games.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

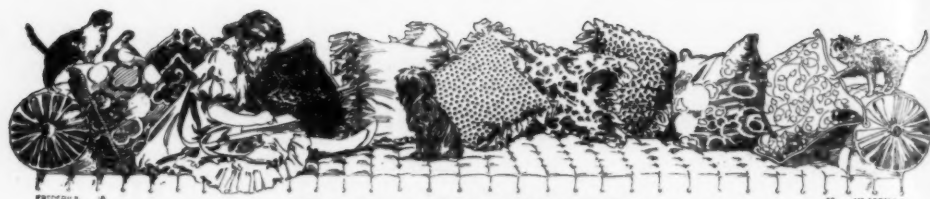
ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 8.

A REPORT of this competition with a list of prize-winners will be found on advertising page 9.

RULES FOR ALL COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month.

Address all communications:
THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York City.



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their manuscript until after the last-named date.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of Galveston, where the terrible storm took place. I was not here when it occurred, but I want to tell you something about it.

We once had the prettiest beach and longest beach in the world, but the cruel Gulf has destroyed it. The houses and the fort that were on land are now in the Gulf. I could tell you many wonderful and sad stories, but will only tell you one in this letter. A woman had her little baby washed out of her arms; the woman took refuge in a school-house. As she was looking at the raging waves she saw a bundle of rags, as she supposed, floating by. She pulled it in, and found it was her little baby that had floated for two hours on a mattress asleep, and was not hurt.

We have been taking your magazine for twenty years, and it is my turn to read it now. I am nine years old.

Your devoted reader, ROBERT SEALY.

BOULDIN ISLAND, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years of age.

ST. NICHOLAS is the nicest book I have ever read. Every spare moment I have I read your interesting stories.

I live on an island which is called Bouldin Island.

We have two immense canneries, and this island is said to have the best asparagus in the world. It is shipped all over the world. Last summer our canneries sent to the East fourteen cars of our asparagus. The cars were all trimmed with ribbons. They can one hundred thousand cases of asparagus here in one summer. There are twenty-four cans in a case.

Many thanks for ST. NICHOLAS.

Your little friend,

ANNA.

RAWHENUA, BLACK BRIDGE, HUTT,
WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My godfather has sent you to me for ten years. I think your stories are splendid. We live in a valley with a river running through it. Nearly every year we have a flood and sometimes two or three. They do not come up as far as our house, but they are getting higher and higher every year. I collect stamps, and I wonder if any of your foreign readers would write and send me stamps of their countries in exchange for some of mine. My two sisters also collect, and if any one does write to me I would like them to send two or three of each kind of stamp.

Your loving reader, MARJORIE H. HUMFREY.

VILLA NOVA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One very cold night early in December the coachman in the lodge at the gate was awak-

ened by hearing the bull-terrier dog "Bill" moaning and scratching violently at the door. Bill sleeps outside every night, but had never before been known to make a noise any louder than a gentle bark. The coachman was therefore very much frightened, and immediately got up and opened the door. To his surprise Bill would not come into the house, but ran toward the stable, looking around every now and then to see if the coachman were following him. Upon seeing that he was, Bill led him to the little field just outside the stable, where the polo-ponies had been pasturing for several days, and here, lying on the ground, with his legs tangled up in the wire fence, the coachman found one of the little polo-ponies, struggling in vain to free himself from the wire. He was taken into the stable, where his legs were rubbed and bandaged, and in three weeks they were as good as ever. Bill spent the rest of the night sleeping soundly in the kitchen, a happy dog.

Always your affectionate reader, A. L. BROWN.

Who can answer this interesting query?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR EDITOR: I am much interested (and I trust that you will be likewise) in a little paragraph which lately came to my notice. It is on page 122 of "The Annual Register, 1760; London: Printed for J. Dodsley," and refers to the destruction of Shakspeare's house. I will give an extract.

"Extract of a letter from a lady on a journey, at Stratford-upon-Avon in Warwickshire, to her friend in Kent.

"There stood here till lately the house in which Shakspeare lived, and a mulberry tree of his planting; the house was large, strong and handsome; the tree so large, that it would shade the grass-plot in your garden, which I think is more than twenty yards square, and supply the whole town with mulberries every year. As the curiosity of this house and tree brought much fame, and more company and profit to the town, a certain man, on some disgust, has pulled the house down, so as not to leave one stone upon another, and cut down the tree, and piled it as a stack of fire wood."

Does this mean that the house which we are shown now, one hundred and thirty-one years after this was written, is no more Shakspeare's than any other Stratford-upon-Avon house? The writer and publisher of the foregoing letter did not seem to doubt that the demolished house was Shakspeare's, and as they lived so much nearer his day than we do, it seems to me that they were fully as well (if not better) informed as to which was his house than we. I trust that you will give this a place in your Letter-box, and that it will be explained.

Your interested reader,

WILLIAM FORCE STEAD (age 16).

AN ANIMAL PUZZLE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the animals in the accompanying picture have been guessed the initials of the eleven names will, when rightly arranged, spell the name of a famous siege which occurred a great many years ago.

Designed by ARTHUR J. WHITE.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

1 . . . 4

 3 . . . 2

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To listen. 2. A fresh-water fish. 3. Part of an apple. 4. A division of a hospital.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 spell the secret of success at school.

ELFORD EDDY (League Member).

THREE WORD-SQUARES.

. . . .

I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. To press. 2. Uncommon. 3. Extent. 4. A repast.

II. MIDDLE SQUARE: 1. To conduct. 2. The religious book of the old Scandinavians. 3. An entrance to a mine. 4. A kind of fruit.

III. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Epochs. 2. To revolve. 3. A plant found in warm countries. 4. A winter plaything.

By taking two letters from each of the first words in the three squares and properly placing them, the name of a great ruler may be spelled. SHIPLEY W. RICKER, JR. (League Member).

ANCIENT HISTORICAL DIAGONAL.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a summer diversion.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The first king of Rome. 2. A city of Palestine. 3. A celebrated Roman general who was put to death in Carthage. 4. An island of ancient Greece, near which a famous naval victory was gained by the Greeks. 5. A city on the Latmic Gulf, famous for its great temple. 6. Pertaining to Samnium. 7. A country of ancient Greece.

REG. CAIN-BARTELS
 (League Member).



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-five letters and form a quotation from "The Princess."

My 33-13-29-8-22-31-5-33-16-4 is an American poet. My 1-20-27-26-11 is an English poet. My 2-32-26-24-19-6 is one of Emerson's works. My 25-21-3-17-28 is a woman mentioned in the Bible. My 14-23-18-7-34-12 is a kind of wedding. My 35-10-15-9-30 is partakes of food.

FLORENCE HOYTE
 (League Member).

RIDDLE.

(To be answered by a word that may be spelled in three different ways.)

1. Briefly resting in children's pockets;

2. Sweetest gift of the fields of May;

3. Though often rare, I am best when common,

And used by each person every day.

ANNA M. PRATT.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials and finals each name a word that is often heard during September.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To grieve. 2. A kind of fur. 3. A Roman Stoic philosopher who was born at Corduba. 4. Pertaining to scenery. 5. Like an oaf. 6. To observe. 7. A tar.

GERTRUDE H. SCHIRMER
 (League Member).

A STORY IN RHYME.

(All of the omitted words rhyme.)

A STRAPPING youth (his name was —)

Went out upon the ice to —;

His fortunes I will now —.

"Don't go to-day," said sister —;

But no, the youth was —,

And so he tempted unkind —.

The ice was rough, and so his —

Was speedily quite —

With surfaces as hard as —.

(This tale I don't —.)

He said, "This kind of ice I —;

I'm sure it would —

The mildest person in the —."

He loosed his skates and started —

For home at no uncertain —;

But said, "I guess I'd better —

Till dark, then sneak up to the —,

So that those silly girls can't —."

He loitered till 't was very —.

In fact, the clock had just struck —,

Crept up the walk (his care was —),

But met his father, quite —;

Ah, then his case was —!

I'll not describe their —.

M. E. FLOYD.

t-
ae
is
6-
6-
s.
n-
7-
5-

at
nt
a's
of
est
ry

me
ng
2.
oic
or-
5-
A

e.)
me

;

—;

—

—;

—,"
art-

—;

to

—,"

just

care

;

D.



SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR!